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THE SPHERE

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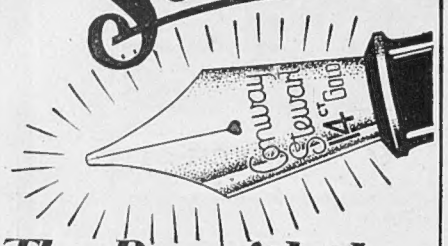

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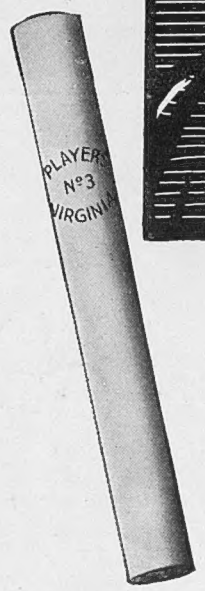

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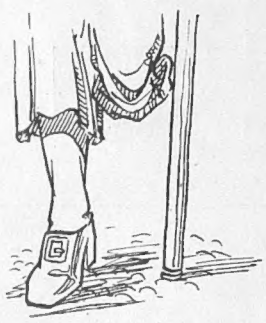

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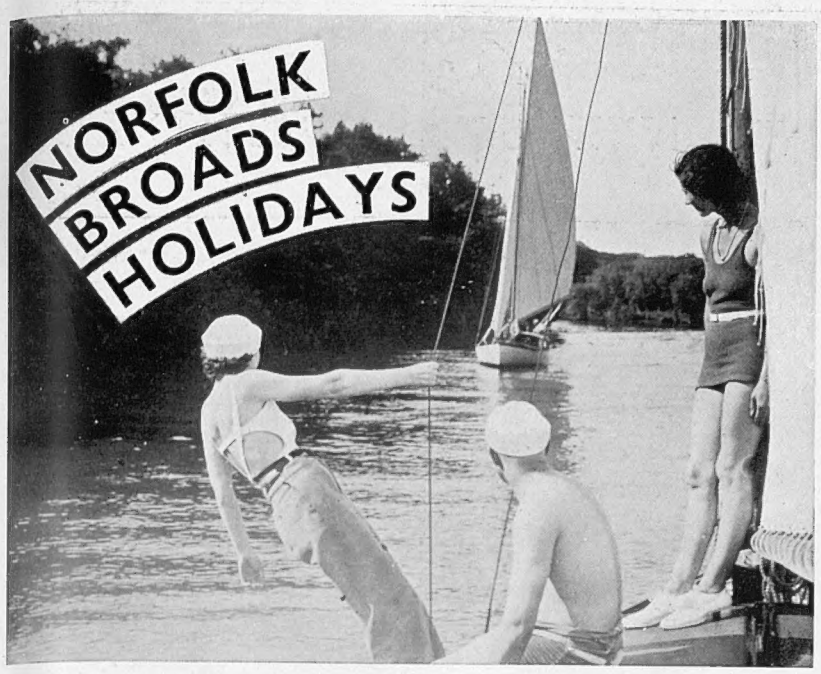

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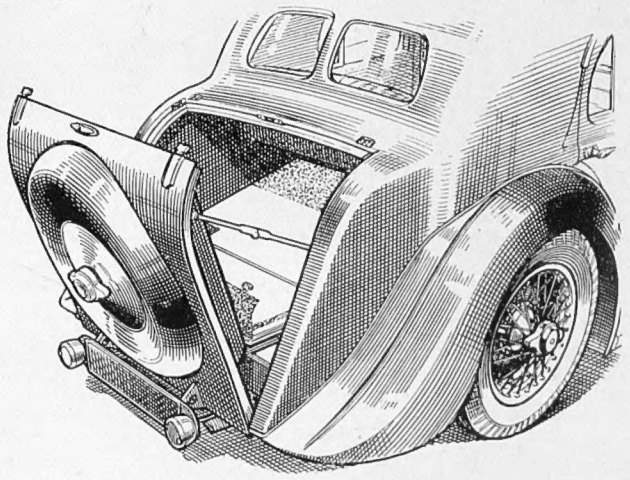

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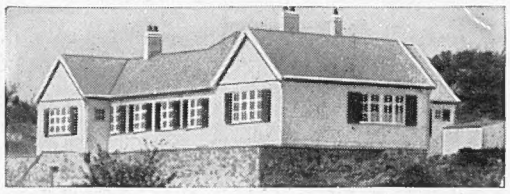

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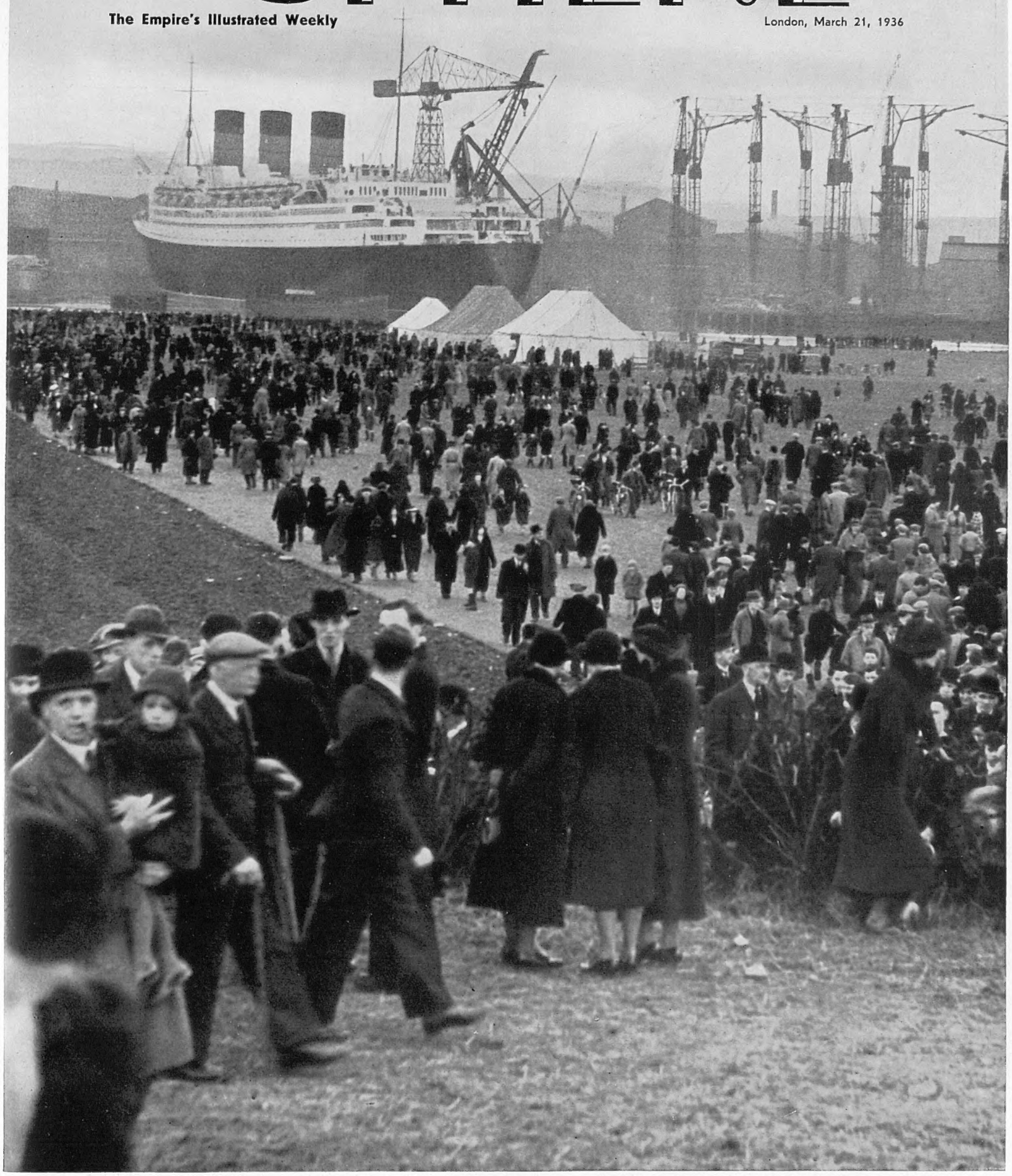


The Pride of the Clyde

Sightseers Thronging the Renfrewshire Side of the River when They Came to View the "Queen Mary" Last Sunday

Five years ago the *Empress of Britain*, crack liner of the Canadian Pacific fleet, journeyed seawards to the cheers of a vast concourse of people crowding the banks of the Clyde, and on Tuesday next, hailed no doubt with even greater fervour, the giant Cunard White Star liner *Queen Mary*, contender for the ocean speed record, will likewise make her triumphant progress towards her element—the deep waters of the Atlantic. As the time for departure draws near public interest is quickening from day to day, and on Sunday last thousands flocked to Clydebank from neighbouring Glasgow and from the East Coast, some taking trips in pleasure steamers past the fitting-out basin, and others making their way to the grounds of Old Mains Farm, at Inchinnan (immediately opposite Messrs. John Brown's yard), which became like a fairground, with refreshment marquees and scores of cars parked in the fields. Although the difficulties of the great vessel's voyage downstream are considerable, and in some places the keel has a clearance of only a few feet, responsible officials of the Clyde Navigation Trust have expressed their satisfaction with the preparations that have been made, and there is no reason at all to expect any hitch. On arrival at Tail o' the Bank the *Queen Mary* will take on fuel for the trip to Southampton, where she is scheduled to arrive on March 27, and will be greeted by another enormous assemblage of spectators

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

THE CREATOR OF MODERN IRAN: The latest portrait of His Imperial Majesty Reza Pahlavi, Shahen Shah of Iran, whose 58th birthday was celebrated last Sunday by an afternoon reception for members of the Iranian colony in London held at the Legation at 11 Princes Gate. In the incredibly short space of ten years since his accession to the throne, Reza Pahlavi has wrought a series of remarkable changes in his country, by organising a modern and well-disciplined army and constabulary, by means of which Iran has been pacified throughout its length and breadth; by establishing national finances on a firm footing; by constructing new railways, roads, and harbours; by creating an educational system with elementary and secondary schools and a university; by pursuing a foreign policy based on the principles and ideals of the League of Nations; and, last but not least, by the emancipation of women. His Majesty comes of a very old noble Persian family, belonging to the province of Mazerdaran, the inhabitants of which represent the purest element of the Iranian race, and have never been subjected to extraneous influences. His father, Abas-Ali Khan, held the rank of commanding officer in the Savad Kooh regiment, and he himself also embraced a military career in 1900, entering the Persian Cossack Brigade, and eventually becoming commander-in-chief and Minister of War. It was in 1923 that he was made Prime Minister, and some two years later that the Constituent Assembly, which met at Teheran, selected him unanimously as sovereign

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, March 18, 1936.

A NEW AND SIMPLER STRUCTURE.—Looking back on a fortnight of international politics comparable in intensity, if not in anxiety, with the weeks between June 25 and August 1, 1914, certain definite facts emerge. Firstly, whatever criticism Europe may level at Hitler's methods and political morality, it is manifest that he did one good turn to Europe. In the sequence of major crises and the tangle of diplomatic negotiation which grew round them, simple truths and primal facts have been lost sight of in the fog of formulæ and in the babel of the language of diplomacy. Hitler once more laid bare the simple facts, the primal rights and needs of individual nations. The rebuilding, which the European ruins so vitally need, must clear away first of all the present tangle which has obscured the simple issues of national problems, and in building a new tenement for the European nations take note of each tenant's simple rights and primal needs. It is now seventeen years since the war ended. Stated baldly and simply, is it not a curious, not to say a monstrous thing that Germany may not, without an uproar in Europe, move a battalion or so of troops into her own undisputed territories? After these seventeen years, is it not a deplorable thing that Germany should be bereft of any means of expansion beyond Germany? After seventeen years is it not outrageous that Britain should be held back and obstructed at every turn in her efforts towards industrial and social reconstruction by a score of pacts and agreements entered into under circumstances which bear no relation to those obtaining to-day? Hitler has at least pierced the fog over Europe and given to all plain men a sudden surprise of awakening. We have grasped the fact of the appalling complexity with which statesmen have invested and obscured the problem of peace. The rebuilding and the fresh start must be preceded by a scrapping of outworn formulæ and a dispersal of the fog of diplomacy.

AN END OF RECRIMINATION.—We must proceed anew on simple truths. A nation stands first on its own legs and on its own rights. Alliances and cabals are a later stage in a more complex social system. The first stage, to which we must now return, is an acceptance of the individual's rights in his own property and in his own policy and opinions. To this simple end, the simple man asks whether the first move in rebuilding the world should not be a cancellation by mutual consent of many of the pacts and treaties entered upon since the disastrous peace of Versailles. And why the devil not? Seventeen years have gone by since a dozen nations (which bear no resemblance to the nations which have their names to-day) were caught up into a world war whose prime cause is still undetermined beyond the fact that it was broadly due to the blindness and bungling of statesmen, nearly all of whom are dead. The legacy of hatred left by those dead men has poisoned the lives of millions of innocent people for twenty years. It is time to repudiate the legacy and start again, poor but honest, on the simplest basis of society; to start again with a restoration of property, an acknowledgment of individual rights and a simplification of issues in word and in deed. The time is passed for censure. Every nation has in some form dishonoured its post-war treaty obligations, including Britain. It is the hour of re-creation without recrimination. The alternative is a European war more awful and destructive than the last, and the end of our civilisation. We await the verdict of the London meetings with dreadful anxiety.

THE CIVIL LIST.—Often in the past the Civil List has been an occasion for Left-wing criticism. Nowadays the subject is debated sympathetically and only an occasional "red," determined to show his supporters that he is alive, introduces a discordant note. The country well knows that we have a monarchy for which no expenditure could be too high a price to pay. But none the less the public examination of the Civil List evokes our sympathy for the King. There was nothing in his message which was not "common-form," established by age-old custom, nothing on which gossips could build up inspired theories, nothing to supply front-page feasts in American journals. Yet these feasts were provided for millions of readers in the States. The King's message to the Commons was, like every other formality which has attended the accession, a matter of established routine following the demise of the Crown, and no more the personal intervention of his Majesty than was the accession proclamation. Uninformed people have conspired to class it with the King's Empire Broadcast.

KIND WORDS TO "TERRIERS."—Mr. Duff Cooper chose the right note on which to launch an appeal for territorial recruits. An "amateur" soldier himself, and young enough to understand their problem, he frankly acknowledged the outrageous treatment they have received for many years, before, during, and after the war. He implied, if he did not directly touch on, their bitterest grievances, which are not the perpetual whittling down of their bounties and training periods, but vexatious obstruction of the associations by the War Office, the continuously "disdainful smile" of the Higher Command of the regular army—the dislodgible ring, the old gang, who so long kept the old tradition alive that a bugshooter was just a joke, a chocolate soldier. It was Kitchener's way when the war began, and it has persisted in spite of the lessons of war. I served in the Territorials for twenty years, and I wonder that, having regard to the raw deal served out to Territorials by circumstance and the military chiefs, there remains any foundation on which to rebuild for home defence. Now they are flattered again and perhaps will receive something more substantial than fair words once in a while—in times of danger.

THE DEFENCE MINISTER.—The public received a last minute warning not to expect fireworks in the choice of a Defence Minister. The choice was far too much hedged about with complicated considerations for that. It is safe to say that no one had thought of Sir Thomas Inskip, a sound lawyer, a stalwart churchman, and a new comer to Cabinet circles. There he is, with his office to create and a new reputation in a quite untilled and alien field to build. His choice will certainly excite no greater bitterness in Europe than now exists. If at home there is here and there a sense of disappointment, Sir Thomas may fairly be given time to prove it unjustified. Lord Haldane, another lawyer, was a great War Minister. Sir Thomas is known as an organiser and may well prove a great defence co-ordinator. Mr. Baldwin backs him and it is Mr. Baldwin's lead.

A LIFE OF LORD HALDANE.—Sir F. Maurice is engaged on a Life of Lord Haldane, and I venture to think that, properly done as doubtless it will

On left—A SURPRISE APPOINTMENT: Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, who has been made "Minister of the Crown for the Co-ordination of Defence," and as such now has a seat in the Cabinet. His selection for this highly onerous post was most unexpected, but it is understood that the Prime Minister's decision was influenced by the determination to place in the position "one who is not associated in the minds of European Governments with particular political ideas." Sir Thomas, who is sixty years of age, first entered Parliament as Conservative M.P. for Central Bristol in 1918, and held the seat until 1929, when he was defeated at the General Election. Two years later he re-entered the House as Member for the Fareham Division of Hants, which he now continues to represent

THE YOUNG LAIRD COMES OF AGE: reading an illuminated address a pair of binoculars, to Mr. Mich occasion of his twenty-first birthd Keeper of Falkland Palace, the histo

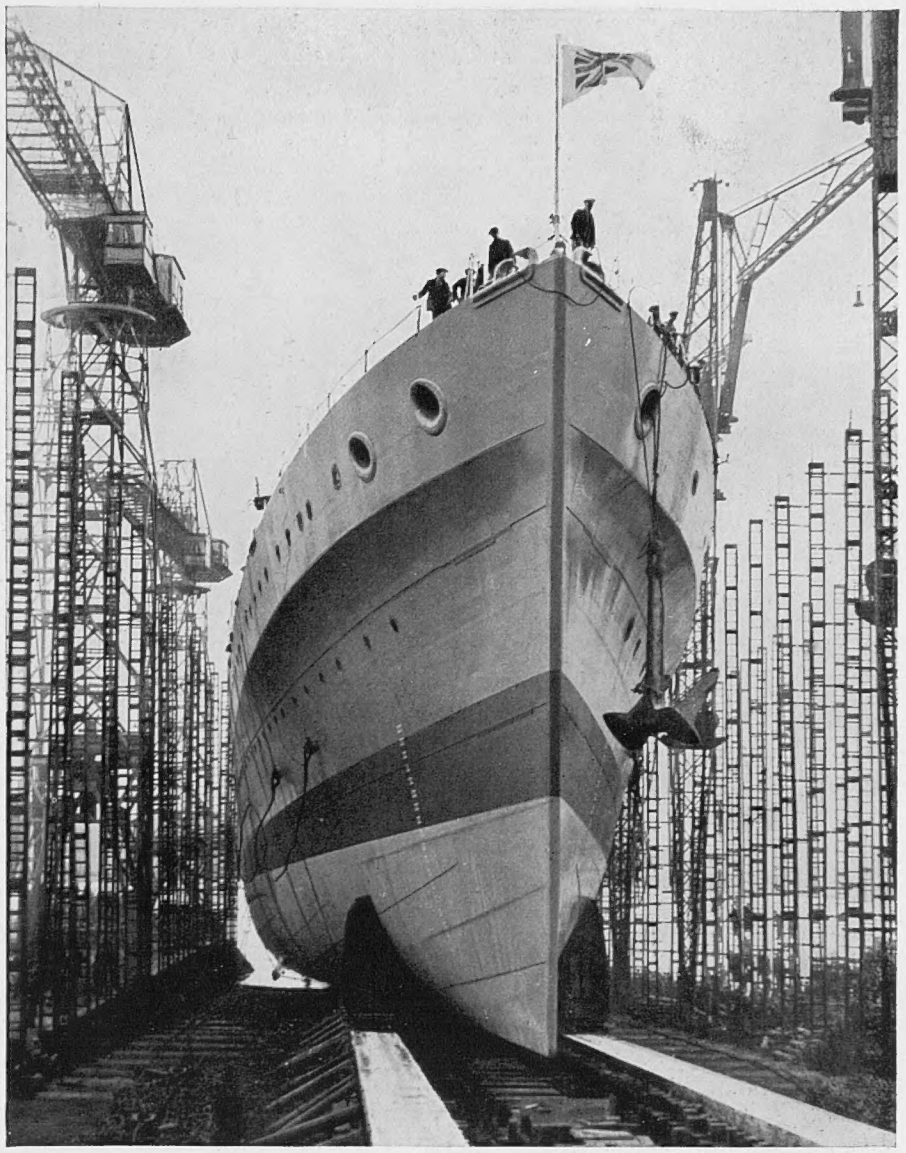
be, it should prove a best-seller. For Lord Haldane was a many-sided man and his career must appeal to all sorts and conditions, from the deep philosopher to the subaltern, from the grave lawyer to the reader who above all likes to study a great man's friendships with brilliant men and women in the Society of his day. Haldane was a prophet, and, more, a practical prophet and, as befalls prophets, he was long without honour in the country he helped to save from destruction. Because he felt interest in and respect for German philosophy and (the better sort of) culture in the years before 1914, we kicked him shamefully from public life in the first days of the war. There were enough purblind idiots of the Hang-the-Kaiser type to shout loudly enough to scare the rest of the nation into the idea that the man who created such war machine as we had was a pro-German. In fact, Haldane was the worst enemy the Junkers of Germany met from England and it was he who cooked their goose. He merits a granite memorial as high as Nelson's. Let us hope his biography will be a fine memorial to a patriot by revealing the importance of his work as War Secretary.

LORD BEATTY.—The controversy over Jutland was raised only the other day at Lord Jellicoe's death and has been raised again. Whatever the rights of it, there is no doubt that David Beatty early showed that he had the Nelson touch. He was the son of Capt. Beatty of Borodale, Co. Wexford, and took the name of Borodale as the courtesy title of his heir when he was created an Earl. He entered the Navy 51 years ago and rose quickly in the Service, showing a dash which is still remembered in the Sudan fighting of '96-7 where he gained promotion and the D.S.O. He got command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron in 1912 and at once showed himself a natural-born "cavalry leader of the sea." The rest is too well known to be repeated. He was a dasher in all he did; he wore his hat at a rakish angle and took his fences with cool recklessness, literally and figuratively. He was respected in the Shires and well known in London Society, on every racecourse, and in the Highlands where at Grantully he usually spent the autumn. The good things of life came his way as often they come to dashing men, and he lived vitally and without stint, as men of his kidney, Winston Churchill, F. E., and their prototypes of the early nineteenth century live and lived. Like them he had his enemies and his worshippers in the service he served so fiercely and faithfully.

GOVERNOR I Z.—The Governor of I Zingari is a title which might well puzzle the inquiring foreigner. He would seek to compare it with the Governors of Madras, the Bank of England, the Isle of Wight, or the Tower. All these of course differ in importance, but the Governor of I Z. is in a different category. His office has a spiritual significance, peculiar of course to Britain, and transcending in importance the office of Mr. Norman or of any mere proconsul or distinguished royalty. His office does not stand for that "old school tie" business, far from it. It represents the highest ideals of British sportsmanship in all fields, though it is not entirely unlinked by tradition with the age of privilege. Governor of I Z. is a benevolent but strict and stoical tyrant. His rules are simple and direct, and as vigorous as rigorous. I Z. began as a joke, and became an ideal and inspiration. Lord Dartmouth who died last week, aged eighty-four, was in the tradition of the Ponsonbys and of Baldwin, who founded I Z. in a Bond Street tavern, and he continued to invest their stern simplicity of conduct with their kind of badinage and humour. He was long a notable Governor of I Z.; much of I Z.s' treasury of verse was contributed by him; a good deal of its post-war rationalisation was his; he always had one eye on tradition. I last heard him speak—an inimitable address in I Z. tradition—at a dinner to I Z. given at the Mansion House by I Z.s' great Lord Mayor. The Legges have been good sportsmen time out of mind, indeed as long as they have served their King and Staffordshire.

SLUM CLEARANCE IN MANCHESTER: Part of the wall of a house crashing to the ground in the Hulme district where acres of old buildings are at present being demolished prior to the commencement of building operations

Provost Hopkins of Falkland, Fifeshire, presented by the townspeople, together with Duncan Crichton-Stuart (*right*) on the grand his assumption of office as Hereditary residence built by James V of Scotland



A NEW CRUISER: H.M.S. *Southampton* going down the slipway as she was launched from Messrs. John Brown and Co.'s yard by Lady Haddington in the presence of a large and distinguished company. She is the first Clyde-built cruiser of her class; has a displacement of 9,000 tons, a length of 500 ft., a beam of about 62 ft., and her propelling machinery will consist of Parsons' geared turbines, developing about 96,000 h.p. The vessel is now moored in the same fitting-out basin as the Cunard White Star liner *Queen Mary*

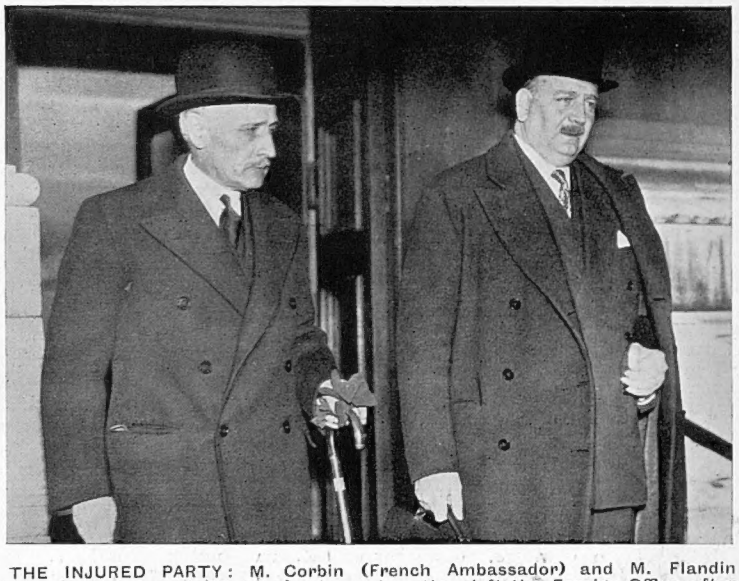
BOSWELL—"THE LOST ARE FOUND AGAIN."—The collected papers of that most profuse and careful scribe afford the greatest romance of literary discovery. These are the brief dates and facts concerning the recovery of the bulk of what Boswell preserved, and left to the discretion of his three literary executors—Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, the banker poet; Edward Malone, the great Shakespearean; and W. J. Temple, Archbishop Temple's great-grandfather, also a writer. Boswell's literary executors came to no decision as to publication and the bulk of the papers reverted to Boswell's heirs who in this century were represented only by Lord Talbot de Malahide. At Malahide in Ireland many of these papers then lay carefully stored away, and when interest in Boswell himself began to grow—quite apart from his qualities as the mirror of Johnson—enquiry as to the existence of the papers at Malahide began to be made but was always denied. But an important discovery was made of Boswell's correspondence in the 1850s. A quantity of his letters to Temple were discovered in a shop in Boulogne, where they were being rapidly dispersed as wrappings for small purchases made at the shop. These letters were published in 1857. The next vital discovery was in 1927. After years of vain application and denial, Col Isham, an American who served in the British Army, got the consent of Lord Talbot to a thorough search at Malahide. It resulted in the discovery of the Ebony Cabinet, an heirloom inherited by Boswell himself from an ancestor, in which Boswell had stored his choicest papers—the very papers left to the discretion of his literary executor. Then the name of Boswell became an "Alert" signal at Malahide and it was not so surprising that when three years later, some guests, searching for implements with which to indulge in a game of croquet, found an old croquet box stuffed with musty papers, they guessed at once that another great Boswell find had been made.

THE ROMANCE OF TREASURE HUNTING.—This wealth of material was assembled and arranged and is just about ripe for publication by Col. Isham under the editorship of Professor Pottle of Yale. Meanwhile Professor Collier Abbott, of Durham, had taken note of Professor Pottle's lament in his catalogue of these finds concerning the "tragic gaps" in the recovered papers (though it is a sheer miracle that any had escaped mice and mildew). He set about the business once more in Sherlock Holmes fashion, tracing back from their sources the family history of the three executors, and at last he has, on the eve of publication of the Malahide finds, run to earth at the Scottish home of the descendants of Forbes of Pitsligo many of these "tragic gaps," including the complementary letters in the Temple—Boswell correspondence, the London Journal of 1762-3, the Forbes—Boswell correspondence, a thousand miscellaneous letters to Boswell and a hundred written by Johnson and used in the great book. The catalogue of this new find will be published this year by the Oxford University Press. Whether a preface will reveal romantic facts in this latest find, or whether we must wait for the final publication to hear it, we do not know. The old home of these Forbes, Monymusk, was sold before Sir William Forbes' day. The thrill is a real one. It compares with the thrill of the discovery of the Thurloe Papers in Lincoln's Inn, and gives us hope that one day even a Shakespearean find may be made on which to base a biography of Shakespeare. Who knows what hidden truth and wealth the country houses of Britain still conceal? An application to the courts at Edinburgh in respect of the new Boswelliana supplied the answer to the question: to what country house in Scotland were they traced? The application was made as a formality by Lord Clinton, whose home in Kincardineshire has long housed these papers, inherited from the Forbes ancestors of the Clintons. The family possesses four surnames — Hepburn, Stuart, Forbes, Trefusis—and Forbes of Pitsligo was an ancestor. Fettercairn has all the charm of remoteness and enough of antiquity to supply the setting for a find of this sort. It only remains to say that the surprise of the find is qualified, since it was never a secret that Boswell papers were at Fettercairn.

THE OLD STAGER

THE LEAGUE COUNCIL IN SESSION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: The delegates of the nations who came to London to deliberate on the French and Belgian requests that the Council should take note of the German infraction of Article 43 of the Treaty of Versailles by marching troops into the Rhineland. Seated in the presidential chair on the right is Mr. Bruce (Australia), with the front row seats on his right occupied by M. Flandin (French Foreign Minister), Signor Grandi (Italian Ambassador in London), and Señor Garcia (Spanish Foreign Minister), while in the seats on Mr. Bruce's left are M. Avenol (Secretary-General of the League), and Mr. Eden (British Foreign Minister)

GALLIC GESTURE: M. Joseph Paul-Boncour (*left*), French Minister for League of Nations Affairs, in conversation with a friend as he left St. James's Palace after one of the meetings. It may be remembered that he was Minister of War in Herriot's Government in 1932, and assumed the Premiership after his leader's refusal to sanction repudiation of the French debt to the United States. Like M.Laval he is inseparable from his cigarette



THE INJURED PARTY: M. Corbin (French Ambassador) and M. Flandin (French Foreign Minister), pictured as they left the Foreign Office after a meeting. *Below on left*—Herr von Hoesch, German Ambassador and (*below on right*) Colonel Joseph Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister

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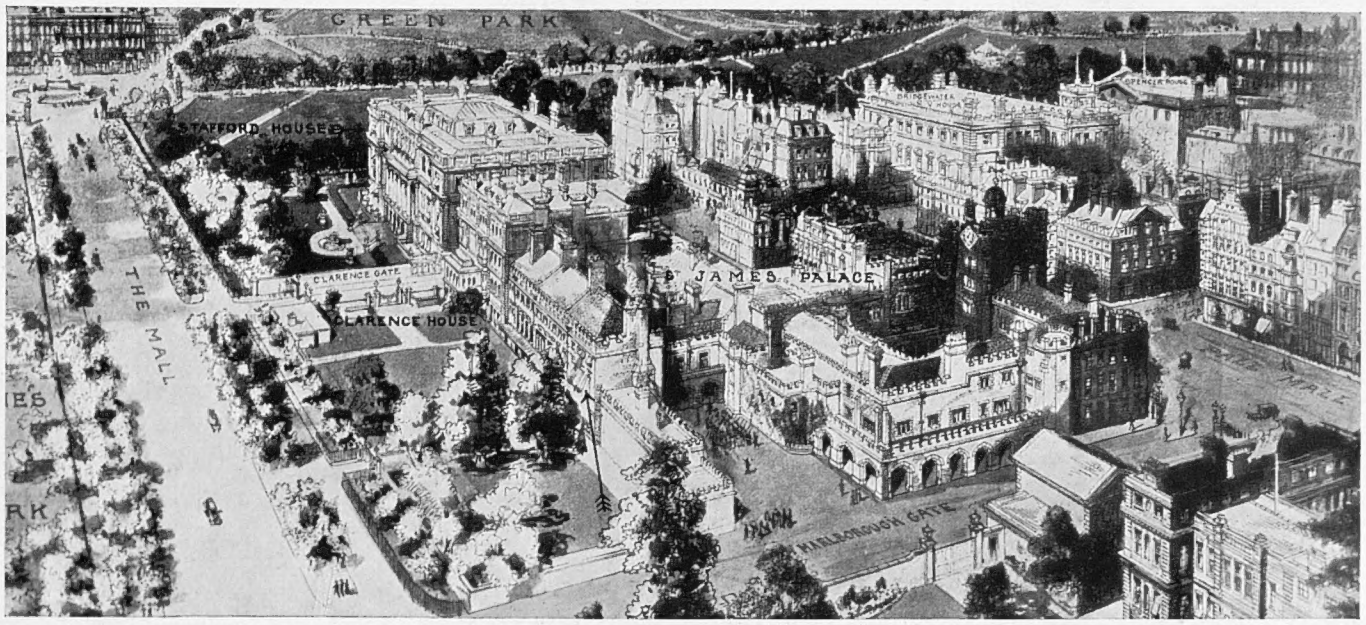
THE PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS IN LONDON

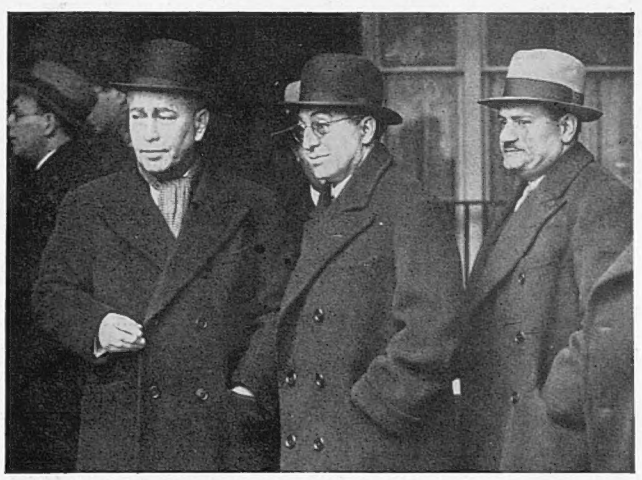
Political Personalities Assembled for the Sittings of the Council of the League of Nations

EDEN: Britain's Foreign Minister facing a battery Downing Street Cabinet meeting at which the f Britain's policy in the present delicate situa- was largely due to his efforts that Germany o take part in the discussions



SCENE OF THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS: Queen Anne's drawing-room, where the Council assembled, is marked here by an arrow. It overlooks the gardens flanking the Mall

THE STATESMEN ARRIVE: Crowds watching the cars drawing up at St. James's Palace on the day of the first gathering of the League Council. *On right*—M. van Zeeland, Belgium's astute Prime Minister, who on Saturday delivered a moving appeal on behalf of his country



Above—A FIRM STAND: M. Litvinoff (*left of group*) Soviet Russia's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, who of all the delegates in London has been the most outspoken in denunciation of Chancellor Hitler's Rhineland coup and who is said to be determined that at all costs the tenure of Germany's troops in the forbidden zone shall be swiftly ended. He is pictured here on arrival at Victoria Station last week when he was met by M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James. *On right*—THE TURKISH CONTINGENT: Dr. Aras (Minister of Foreign Affairs, *centre of group*) with two colleagues

OR: Signor Dino Grandi, who at a meeting elieved to have suggested that his Government ocarno Treaty would be willing to associate itself ction found practicable by general consent

PORTUGAL'S DELEGATES: Dr. de Vasconcellos (*left*) and Dr. Armindo Monteiro (*centre*). The latter is now Foreign Minister, and made his reputation some three years ago when in charge of his country's Colonial affairs

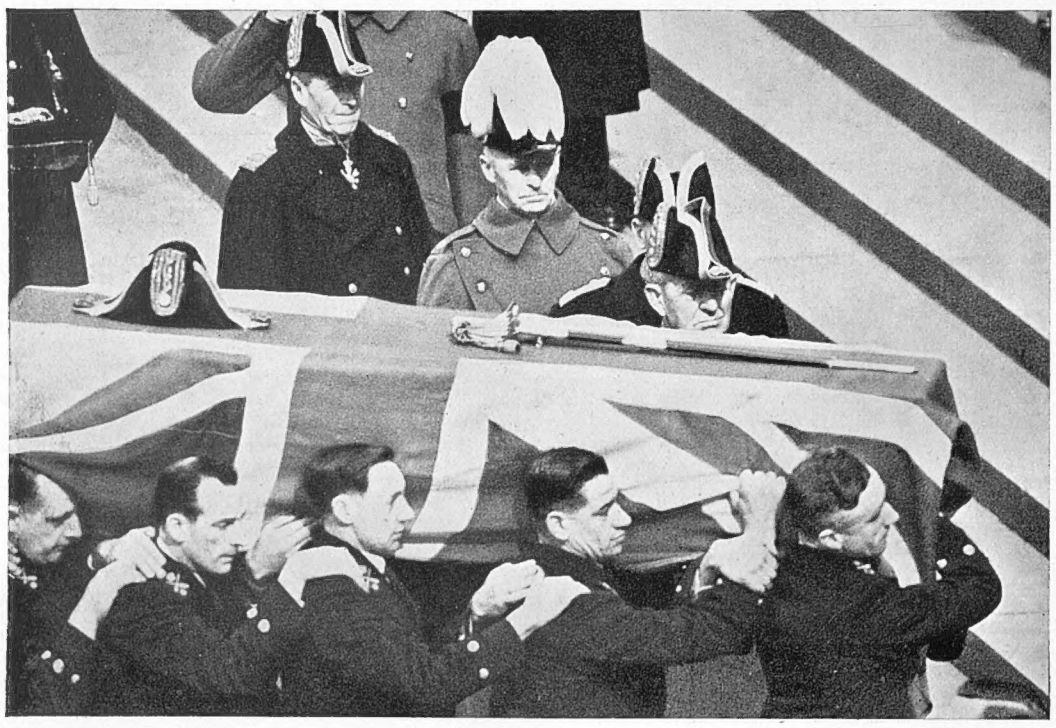
THE LEAGUE'S SECRETARY-GENERAL: M. Joseph Avenol, who arrived in London on Thursday of last week with other members of the League Secretariat and upon whom fell the main task of preparing for the meetings at St. James's Palace

ADMIRAL BE

The Great Sailor Borne Through laid to Rest Beside

HIS INSPIRATION: The coffin bearing the last remains of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty passing the Nelson monument, commemorating the commander whose very fighting spirit Beatty embodied in such extraordinary measure. The procession started at the Horse Guards' Parade, outside the Admiralty, and proceeded through thronged streets to St. Paul's Cathedral, by way of Northumberland Avenue, the Thames Embankment, New Bridge Street, and Ludgate Hill. The gun carriage was drawn by a Naval Guard of 100 men, accompanied by ten pall bearers, and followed by the Dukes of York and Kent

APPROACHING THE CATHEDRAL: The procession bands of the Royal Marines—a scene that vividly ago and in order to be present at which Earl end. Immense crowds gathered in the streets



ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S: Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan and other pall bearers standing by as the coffin was borne into the cathedral for the funeral service. It was draped with the Union Jack that flew from Beatty's flagship, *Lion*, when he went into action at Jutland and punished the German battle cruisers so severely, very nearly bringing about the complete defeat of the German High Seas Fleet

MOURNERS FROM THE SHIRES: Members of the Pytchley Hunt, of which Lord Beatty was a follower, passing in the procession. The Admiral in his retirement spent much of his time at his home in the heart of the Pytchley country

ATTY'S FUNERAL

the Thronged Streets to St. Paul's and Nelson and Jellicoe

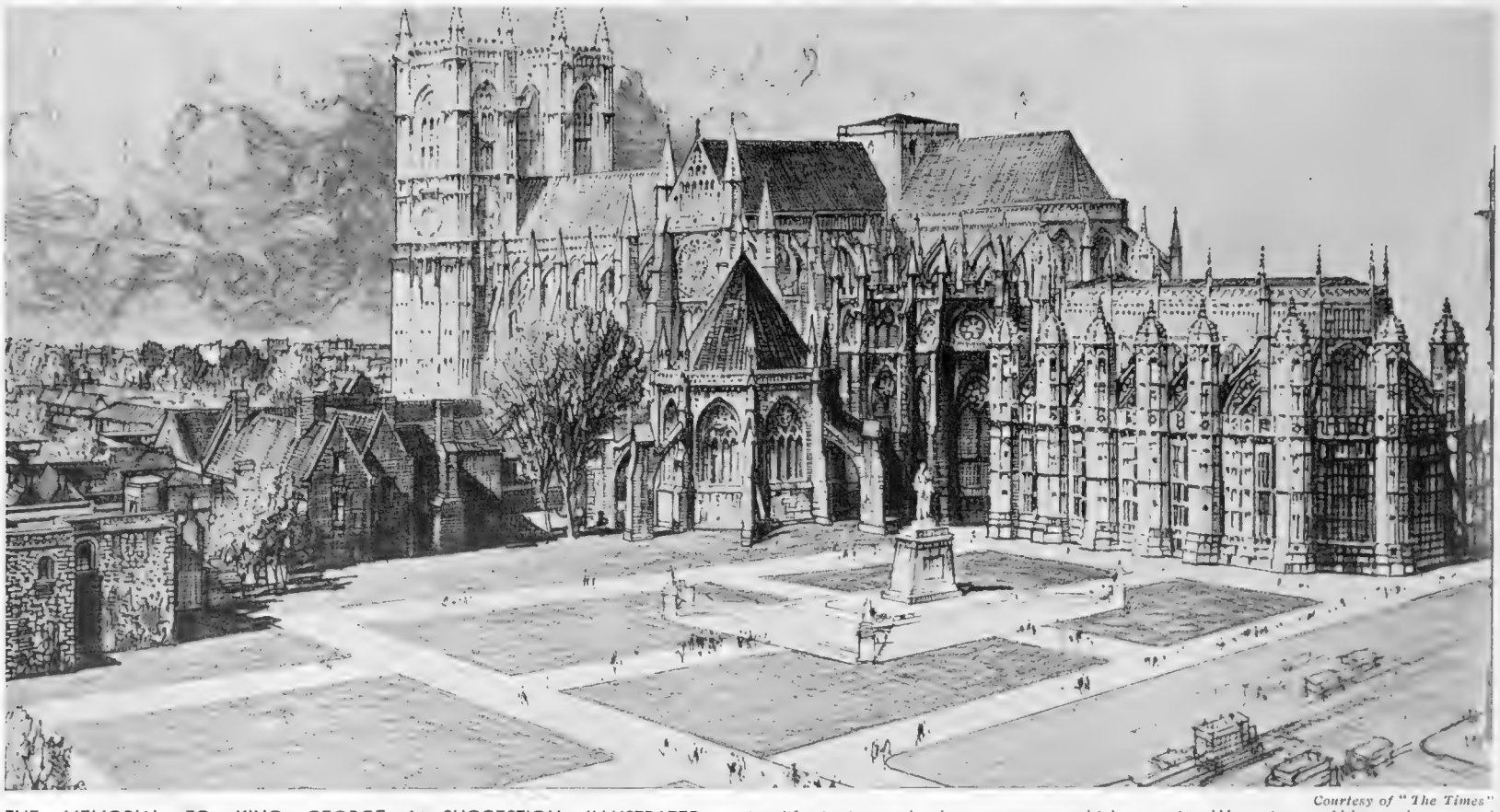
assing up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's, headed by the massed brought to mind the funeral of Earl Jellicoe only a few months Beatty rose from a sick bed, thus probably hastening his own thousands of city workers sacrificing their lunch hour to attend

THE PALL BEARERS: Some of the ten high officers of the three fighting services who walked alongside the gun carriage. They were Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Trenchard, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry F. Oliver, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Osmond de B. Brock, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger J. B. Keyes, Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick L. Field, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt, Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. Ernle M. Chatfield, Admiral Sir William E. Goodenough, and Admiral Sir Walter H. Cowan

THE CHIEF MOURNERS: The new Earl Beatty (*left*) and his brother the Hon. Peter Beatty walking behind the coffin followed by the Dukes of York and Kent. The first named, as Viscount Borodale, has sat as Conservative M.P. for the Peckham Division of Camberwell since October, 1931, and in 1932 was appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary of the Admiralty. He is thirty-one years old

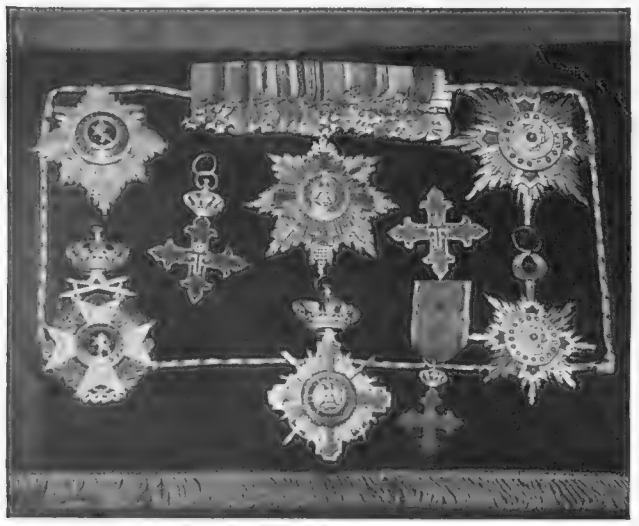
"HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM SEA": The scene in the cathedral as the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered his address, in the course of which he paid many glowing tributes to Lord Beatty. "In him," said the Primate, "something of the spirit of Nelson seemed to have come back"

IN THE SHADOW OF NELSON'S TOMB: Some of the beautiful wreaths lining the grave of Earl Beatty which is near that of the hero of Trafalgar and of Beatty's former chief, Earl Jellicoe, who died in November. Among the many tributes was a large wreath comprised of laurel and lilies sent on behalf of the German Navy, while another came from the German people

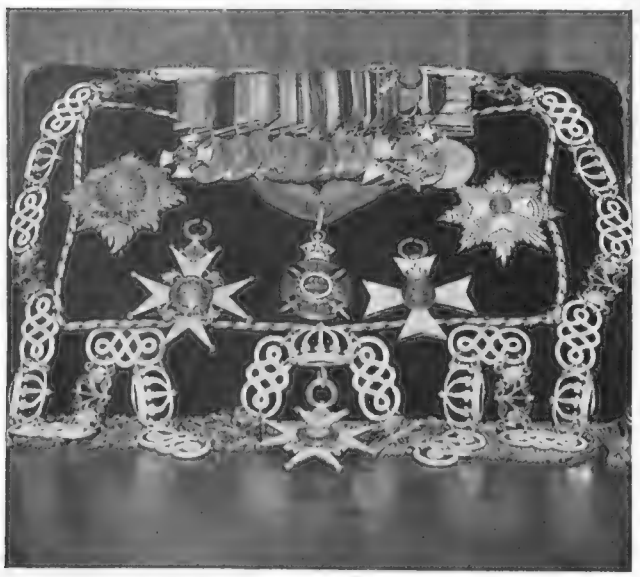


Courtesy of "The Times"

THE MEMORIAL TO KING GEORGE—A SUGGESTION ILLUSTRATED: An impression by Mr. Sydney R. Jones of how the proposed statue of His late Majesty might appear on the site in Westminster which was put forward as a possible location for it by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a recent Mansion House meeting, when he said "If there is one place in London which can be described as very specially a centre of our national and imperial life it is surely the great area which contains Westminster Abbey, the sacred shrine of its history, and the Houses of Parliament, the scene of its Government. If the houses on the south side of this district, in Abingdon Street and Old Palace Yard, were removed, there would be disclosed for the first time a truly splendid view of the Abbey itself, of the Jewel Tower (on extreme left), now almost hidden, of the Chapter House and Henry VII's chapel, and of Westminster Hall"



THE LATE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL BEATTY'S DECORATIONS: Honours bestowed on the great commander during his lifetime, and for a few hours on the day of his funeral placed on exhibition at Gieves, Old Bond Street. On the left are the Star and Cross of Leopold of Belgium, in the centre are miniatures worn with evening dress, and (above on right) is the Grand Cordon of the Excellent Crop (China)



FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Further examples of the late Lord Beatty's decorations including the Collar of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, the Star and Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, the Order of Merit, and a row of medals including the D.S.O., General Service and Allied Medal, Queen Victoria Jubilee Medal, King George Coronation Medal, King George Jubilee Medal, and the Croix de Guerre

The League at St. James's

An Impression of this Week's Momentous Meeting of the Council

FOR the second time in its existence the League is holding an important meeting in London. On Saturday last the Council sat down at the same table and in the same room that it assembled in fourteen years ago. The table is the horse-shoe table used for the 1922 meeting, and the room is Queen Anne's drawing-room, St. James's Palace.

The contrast between the Council's usual setting and its present background is striking. Instead of the grey asbestos walls and strictly practical committee-rooms of Geneva, with their tubular furniture, indirect lighting, and steel-framed windows, there are Brussels tapestries, suits of armour, and massive gilt candelabra. Immense fire-places, carved with the Tudor rose and the Stuart thistle, blaze in every room, and sheaves of ancient swords, pikes, and pistols adorn the panelled walls.

It was on Monday a week ago that the Council decided to hold its session in London and that His Majesty the King graciously placed St. James's Palace at its disposal. The Office of Works had, therefore, barely four days in which to transform the Palace for the purpose of the meeting. The result must be regarded as a triumph of improvisation.

Queen Anne's drawing-room, where the Council holds its public sessions, runs about half the length of the wing of the Palace overlooking the Mall. It is a magnificent apartment lined in red silk, with heavily brocaded curtains and portraits by Lely and Van Dyck on the walls. In the centre of it stands the horse-shoe table, at which the principal delegates have their seats. Inside of this are small tables for the translators and secretaries, while ranged in a half-circle beyond are rows of chairs for the other members of delegations and their advisers. Doors on the right lead to anterooms and the throne-room, where the Council holds its private and secret meetings.

So much for the *mise-en-scène* of this international gathering. Let us now imagine a typical day's work. It is five o'clock in the afternoon. The Council has been in private session since half-past three. Outside, in the galleries and lobbies reserved for them, a hundred journalists await the opening of the public session. Views and news are interchanged, rumours and anecdotes passed from mouth to mouth, in a feverish atmosphere compounded of excitement and cynicism. From time to time a stray diplomat or some minor League official emerges from the secret conclave. He is immediately seized on, surrounded and pressed for information. For a few moments the crowd surges about him like bees round a honey-pot. Then it falls away and its expressions of disappointment tell those at a distance that nothing of importance has transpired. The wait and the gossip and the cigarette-smoking continue.

Finally comes a report that the session is about to open. Through the archway leading to the drawing-room, entrance to which is now barred by a velvet upholstered gate, the delegates can be seen taking their places at the table. The first to seat himself is Mr. Bruce, Australian High Commissioner, and President of the Council for the year. Mr. Bruce is a born chairman. His stolid rubicund visage and slow-speaking voice command instinctive respect, striking fear into the heart of those who chatter during the speeches; while his business-like manner and suave diction are a guarantee that nothing will be done with precipitancy.

On the left of the President sits the Secretary-General, M. Avenol. Short, active, intelligent, discreet, his glance moving quickly from delegate to delegate, M. Avenol is the silent genius of the League. His voice is never heard in public, he has no say in any decision, and yet his is the veritable influence. Whether it is a point of procedure, the devising of a formula, the turning of crisis—at every moment when things look black, and a rupture is threatening—it is to the Secretary-General that everyone, privately, looks. Without the unseen lubrication of his advice how many sessions would not have broken down disastrously?

Next comes Mr. Eden, he adjusts his horn-rimmed spectacles, glances at his notes, and leans back with his fingertips touching. A moment later he bends sideways to listen to his neighbour, M. Litvinov. The Soviet Foreign Minister has a reputation for wit, and the two statesmen appear to be thoroughly enjoying the joke. Meanwhile, M. Flandin, tall and grave, has seated himself on the right of the President. He holds some typewritten sheets, and for several minutes is engrossed in them.

The rest of the delegates take their seats. M. Titulescu, the Rumanian, hiding under a blasé air an intensely acute and active intelligence; Mr. Munch, the Danish representative, sitting very upright.

At last all are seated. The murmur of conversation dies down. Mr. Bruce knocks with his hammer. "The session is opened. La séance est ouverte."

G. A. M.

FRANCE MOVES UP HER TROOPS TO THE RHINE FRONTIER

Precautionary Measures Taken Immediately After Germany's Entry into the Demilitarised Zone

A POWERFUL WEAPON OF AIR DEFENCE: A device for the detection of the exact position of approaching aircraft installed in a field outside Metz where the French army has been taking every conceivable measure to ward off an invasion. *Left* — Installing a modern type of field radio and (*on right*) members of the defence force that has been rushed to the Rhine frontier practising with a small anti-aircraft gun

GUARDIANS OF METZ: An anti-aircraft gun crew stationed outside the city, whither it was sent with other units at the beginning of last week by General Guitry, the Military Governor, following Germany's defiance of Locarno and entry into the demilitarised zone. This promptness of counter-action has had a most reassuring effect on the people of Alsace and Lorraine, and their fears were further set at rest by the announcement that troops would continue to be moved up to the frontier defences, known as the Maginot Line, until they reached a strength about equivalent to that which the Germans had sent into the neighbouring Rhineland. The French soldiers have been taking up their positions in the seemingly impregnable network of forts which has been built during the past five or six years at a cost estimated at £80,000,000. "The idea of war is ever present in these parts," wrote Ferdinand Tuohy in a "Sphere" article in January, 1934

REMEMBRANCE DAY IN COLOGNE: Ex-service men parading through the streets on the morning after the troops arrived when the annual commemorations were held for those who fell in the war

THE HITLER LINE

Europe's New and Dominant Problem — Will the Nations Allow Germany to Carry Out Her Plan of Building a Defensive System Along the Rhine?

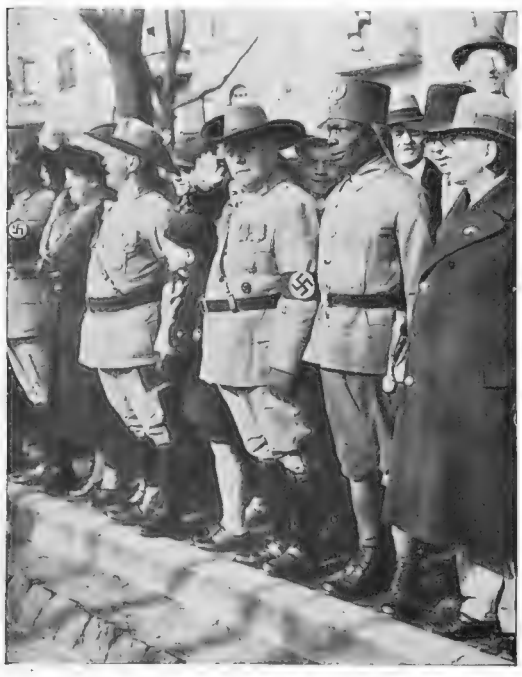
BY FERDINAND TUOHY

("The Sphere's" Foreign Correspondent Who Made a Journey to the Demilitarised Zone Six Days Before the Announcement of the Nazi Coup)

WHAT is widely known as "a hunch" took me into the Rhineland just six days before the vanguard of Hitler's Army stepped in there: I was to see the last days, almost the last hours, of the demilitarised zone.

A good deal of what I had intended foreshadowing as a result of the visit has since passed into print under the hand of others—not as intelligent anticipation but as the record of history. There is therefore no call for its further inclusion here. On the other hand, the main conclusion drawn from my journey, and conveyed to the Editor of this paper a day or two before Hitler's coup, stands in its entirety as a capital question still in the lap of the gods. I wrote that it didn't seem to matter whether German troops were brought into the zone—they were already present in large numbers under camouflage—so much as what they did when they got there. "Fortifications are what matter." Would Hitler build them west of the Rhine? As checkmate to the Maginot Line running, in general, some seven or eight miles back from the French frontier?

For other reasons it is interesting to look back now on those last hours in a demilitarised Cologne. We lately heard a deal about the early morning march-in of the Grey-greens having come "as a complete surprise to the inhabitants." No such thing. "Sie kommen gleich an" or "sie kommen sofort" (they're coming soon, they're coming at once) one overheard, if once, half-a-dozen times a day. Twelve years of Occupation did not make of these Rhinelanders, conspirators, for nothing. Now it came out once more, the native talent for keeping something secret to the whole community. The outside observer found the greatest difficulty in penetrating the general hush-hush. The best clue one hit upon concerned the progress from place to place of strange emissaries bespeaking buildings, public ground, housing, former barracks. These Nazi officials held lists of all the places that had been taken over by the Allied Armies of Occupation, but, chiefly relating to the years 1926–1929, when the joint strength of these forces had been 67,000 of which 55,000 were French. After Locarno Stresemann had asked that the total number of occupying troops should be reduced to what had been the German peace-time aggregate for the same area, 50,000 in the round, but the French had demurred.



PAVEMENT CAMEO: Former colonial soldiers, their old uniforms resurrected for the occasion, greeting the arrival of troops in Düsseldorf

It is therefore interesting to note Hitler's statement that he is now doing no more than re-introduce this former peace-time total of troops into the remilitarised Rhineland. Already 45,000 have been traced at this writing, and it would seem to be the intention to divide the new Rhenish garrison, when completed, into two districts, the South and the North, centering on Mannheim and Cologne respectively. Those commands would comprise six divisions corresponding to the old army corps areas of which there used to be a like number in the now-disputed territory, their headquarters, if I remember right at Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, Strasbourg, and in the Ruhr. The main German concentration used to be at Metz.

These old army corps areas, of which there were twenty-five in the Empire, served mainly as cadres for the training of recruits and conscripts. On the very outbreak of war, the German General Staff was able to treble their effectives. The six "cadre" Rhine Corps immediately became twelve swollen ones, and it is only reasonable to suppose, in view of the rapid expansion of the present German Army, that the six divisional centres Hitler is now developing in the same territory will also be in a position to jump into twice their peace-time strength.

A MORE THAN "CUSTOMARY" EXAMINATION: German officials inspecting the identity papers of a motorist after crossing the Rhine from Strasbourg to Kehl, where travellers are now being subjected to an infinitely more searching interrogation than has been the practice hitherto. There are large detachments of troops in barracks on both sides of the river

While on this subject of likely effectives facing the French a year or so hence, it may be as well to touch on certain other aspects of the question that did not arise in the Rhineland of my studious days a generation ago.

Omitting the nine battalions of Rhineland Landespolizei, which were at once given artillery and formed into a regular division on the remilitarisation move, there must be at present in the whole Rhine zone not fewer than 200,000, chiefly young men well on in military training and mobilisable if not camped within one hundred miles of the Franco–Belgian and Dutch frontiers. Many are far closer. Foremost is the Labour Corps—those young men with shovels carried at the slope but thoroughly trained in military exercises. There is also in existence an automobile corps, posing as civilian protection, but in reality organised in six extremely mobile units, each having call on private cars and motor transport in its allotted sphere. Further, there are at least six brigades of Brownshirts, of great numerical but not the same striking strength, while so far seven different regiments of the far-better trained, picked Storm Troops have been identified. Nor can the students at the universities be left out of account. At Bonn one found them thoroughly militarised and carrying out hours of "terrain sport" daily. One even found that the totalitarian war philosophy had spread to trying out girl students for some of the intelligence branches, and I could not help reflecting on the fact on returning to London in the middle of a recent German spy trial wherein figured a certain Marianne. Howbeit, at Bonn—and certainly elsewhere—the better-physiqued and more practically-intelligent girl students are being trained in auxiliary intelligence work with special reference, apparently, to maintaining contact in the field—by wireless and otherwise, and to map-reading.

In sum, it is hard to get it out of one's mind, knowing the German genius for out-of-sight manipulation of things, that the remilitarised zone is being prepared to hold far more than the 50,000 equivalent to "former peace-time garrison troops" already introduced—and introduced, be it said, in some measure owing to Rhineland pressure. Notably Catholic and traditionally anti-Berlin, the Rhinelanders have hardly been Hitler's firmest supporters. And latterly they had been complaining loudly that whereas the rest of the country was getting garrisons back again, with their fillip to business, nothing was coming to them.

A further hint of probable "expansion" ahead is to be found in the suspiciously large number of internment camps that are being organised close to the frontiers of Holland, Belgium, and France. Why bring all these camps suddenly across to the West? They are easily convertible into barrack hutments at the shortest notice. And not a few are so laid out as to be convertible almost as rapidly into landing-places and stopgap aerodromes. The Dutch are particularly alarmed about these camps, having awakened from their neutral trance to find between fifty and sixty such hut-agglomerations adjacent to their frontier. The Dutch have awakened to other things as well, such as the odd and unaccountable passion Germany has developed for building aerodromes a hundred or so miles away, and for constructing expensive motor roads towards the Dutch frontier. It is the same elsewhere down towards Strasbourg and beyond, and we may be certain that this form of expansion will not contract in the immediate future.

One of the reasons the French insisted on the militarised zone was to prevent the construction of just such roads, bridges, camps, and airports. Locarno forbade Germany's possessing in the demilitarised zone (a) any fortifications or entrenched camps, (b) troops of any kind save State military police, (c) preparing even the slenderest facilities for mobilisation, (d) constructing

any more railways or adjuncts other than as agreed, (e) having more than a limited number of aeroports or landing-places. All of these save (a) have to-day been well and truly ignored. The last to go, prior to the remilitarisation, concerned the "adjuncts." Lately, three final "bridge-roads" were added to an already long list of such arterial constructions, at Rheinhausen (opposite Duisburg), at Urdingen (facing Krefeld), and at Neuwied (north of Koblenz). Between Emmerich and Koblenz, that is, down but half of the Rhine, the Germans now dispose of thirteen "bridge-roads" and of twelve "bridge-railways." They could simply pour over into the Rhineland.

But would it avail them much? It is here we come down to bedrock.

"At this moment of evacuation," wrote *Germania* in 1930, "France still maintains a firm hold over one whole quarter of Germany, covering 45,000,000 square miles and harbouring 15½ million Germans" (this computation included the Saar at that date). "Who can put their hands on this territory holds Germany by the throat." Such may have been excessive phrasing, yet the great Moltke spoke of the "extraordinary solidity" of the Rhine frontier, which rendered Germany "almost invulnerable," while as for French military authorities, they have never ceased to look upon the left or west bank of the Rhine as the springboard of German invasion; nothing separated it physically from France. So the Maginot Line was built to supply that which Nature had failed to give France. But the Maginot Line was not enough to shield a vulnerable and underpopulated, menaced land. Nor could the air weapon be relied upon as decisive. The French (and the Belgians) came to consider the demilitarised zone as their joint first line of defence. In case of crisis with Germany it forced the German concentration area 150 miles back from the frontier to a north and south line somewhere near Cassel. Thus the German network of military railways and roads behind the Rhine could not be used for the strategic concentration and the chances were all that the Franco-Belgian motorised forces would forestall the Germans on the Rhine, thereby gaining invaluable time for general mobilisation and the full manning of the Maginot Line.

THE FUEHRER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS FOLLOWING HIS RHINELAND COUP: There were rejoicings throughout Germany after the announcement of the entry of troops into the demilitarised zone, and a huge crowd gathered outside the Chancellery in Berlin to acclaim Herr Hitler. In the group on the left of the balcony are General Göring (Prime Minister of Prussia and Air Minister), Herr Rudolf Hess (the Chancellor's deputy), and Dr. Goebbels

Nearly all of this has now gone by the board, so far as the French and Belgians are concerned. The Germans can from now on mobilise strategically amid their wonderful transport network on the Left Bank, not to mention the Right! But there is one thing that is not yet lost, in Paris eyes. The Germans constitute an immense threat even now. They could hold up any sanctioned advance in several ways By air bombing, by spy sabotage, by destruction work, by turning the civilians into guerilla fighters in the rear of a penetrating force (as Ludendorff demands), by such things as pillboxes (already being erected) and wired strong-points. Such temporary hold-up measures already exist and should be perfected immediately. But if the Germans are allowed to bring heavy artillery within range of the Maginot Line, and are also suffered to build fortifications aimed at neutralising this protective shield, then it will be a case, purely and simply, of the Western Powers permitting Germany to bar and bolt the door in their faces while she goes off and works her will in the East and the South-East. So runs the argument.

Shall Germany be so allowed?

"We obtained at Locarno 100 per cent. of what we desired," wrote the finessing Stresemann. "The Rhineland is now immune against any French infringements. As we could not protect it by force of arms we got it guaranteed by England. The security of the Rhineland was our fundamental object in signing Locarno. It preserves the Rhineland for us *and allows us to recuperate the German territories in the East*" (italics mine).

This last (written privately in 1927) must be read as referring to extensive parts of Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and Czechoslovakia. It did not refer to Russia. Amended to-day it might well be read as referring to them all.

It boils down to a simple and direct question: Can others trust Hitler sufficiently to permit these fortifications on the left bank? For, make no mistake, they are on the way. The German Press may have been warned off mentioning them, but already they are being enthusiastically whispered abroad as "the Hitler Line."

The Hitler Line need be no long-drawn-out, wildly expensive imitation of the Maginot Line which took five years to complete and ate up at least £80,000,000. The Hitler Line might be essentially a hold-up front, not a watertight fortress system conceived to banish the last possible chance of invasion. Nazi Germany, as I understand it, would be prepared to do the holding-up on German soil, on the territory west of the Rhine, while grandiose operations were conducted elsewhere. Such a hold-up line could be swiftly and secretly enough organised—it is already planned in every detail.

Germany never had a real fortified zone in the Rhineland—all that hinged, in the West, upon Metz. She therefore starts with an absolutely clean slate, no awkward adapting from past structures or plans.

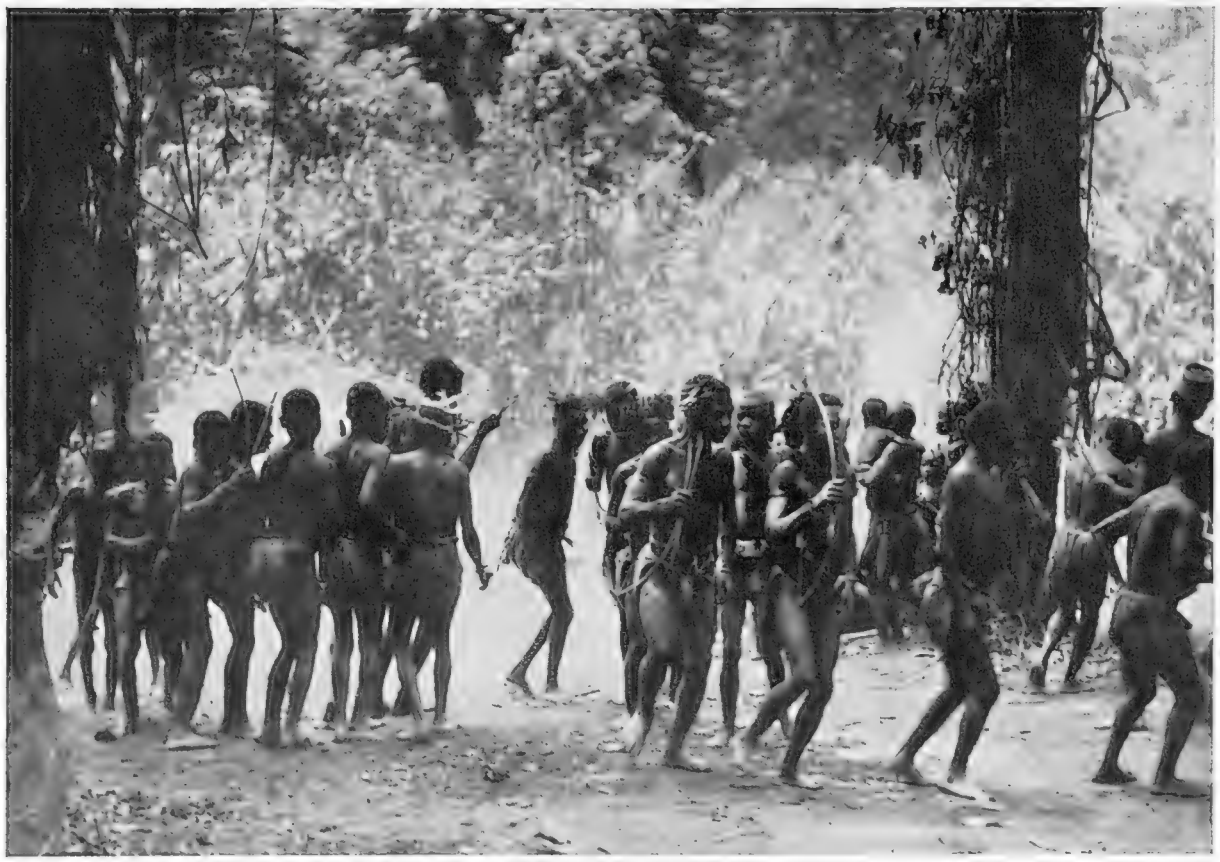
I have only had space to hint at some of the ultra-modern ingredients it is expected might be incorporated in a hold-up Hitler line; they would all certainly be of a unique character.

It is henceforward Europe's new and dominant problem and question-mark, whether these will be allowed. For if Locarno preserved the Rhineland for Germany, it does not even yet, in its denounced mutilation, allow Germany to recuperate her former territories in the East. That she can only do, with any degree of safety to herself, if she is enabled to carry out her self-imposed task of fortifying the left bank of the Rhine.

CAN WE TRUST HITLER? This is the question that Ferdinand Tuohy asks in the accompanying article, and on the answer to which depends the future of the rest of Europe's dealings with Nazi Germany. His plea for peace and defiance of the Locarno Treaty in the same breath made his recent speech to the Reichstag the most astonishingly ambiguous of all his utterances

LITTLE CHILDREN

A Modern Gulliver Amid
Region in



A PRIMITIVE JUNGLE PEOPLE: Mambuti pygmies of the unexplored Epulu forest in the Belgian Congo, dancing at the edge of a sunlit clearing. Although small in stature, they are powerful physically, while in spite of their shyness through having had little contact with white men, they are ready to be friendly with those they think they can trust

A BAMBILA: A mixed descendant of the early Arab slave traders, who belongs to the only tribe that exercises any considerable authority over the pygmies

By ATTILIO GATTI

"*YAMBO, bwana,*" the little elves whispered, here and there, on the second day, keeping however at the safe distance to which they had run at my approach.

On the third day, women and children had already disappeared into their huts, but the men waited my coming, bravely near to their doorways, to address to me a timid, "*Yambo, baba.*"

The fourth morning, as soon as I stepped into the clearing, dozens and dozens of diminutive men and women and children quickly crowded around me, laughing and dancing and shouting happily, "*Yambo, yambo, baba yangu,*" making me feel like a new Gulliver among friendly Lilliputians.

Of course, *yambo* means "good morning," "good evening," and every other current salutation. *Bwana* means "master"; and *baba*, "father." And that rapid progression in the warmth of their welcome, crowned by that *baba yangu*, "our own father," which is the most affectionate expression a native can use to tell you that he likes and trusts and loves you, meant for me that the conquest had been accomplished—that every barrier had broken down between me and the Mambuti pygmies of the Epulu Forest, and that from that moment on we were and we would be for ever the best of friends.

It seemed a great victory to me after the welcome they had given me on the first day. A welcome that I could not quote, because it was not expressed in words but simply with terrified, instantaneous flight.

That was a day I shall remember for a long time, because it taught me several unforgettable things. First of all, never to go into the forest without the guidance of the pygmies. Apalibwa, the Sultani of the Epulu, had told me that I could be safe in following Matalatala, his brother, who would bring me straight as an arrow to a spot where a big tribe of Mambuti was then living, in a forest clearing toward which the column of my fifty porters had already departed that same morning with all my camp material.

So I left the road, I entered the forest, and for hours and hours I followed on the heels of Matalatala. The walk was supposed to take half a day. But six hours had already gone by, and of the pygmies and of the porters there was never a sign.

Only when, almost exhausted, I began to question my guide with a certain anxiety I noticed that his course was somewhat dubious. Of course our sole possibility of advancing with any rapidity, was to use the narrow muddy passages opened in the unbelievable entanglement of the vegetation by the continuous coming and going of elephants and buffaloes. But these passages were so numerous, and all so tortuous, continually intersecting each other, that it was absolutely hopeless for me to try to keep any sense of direction.

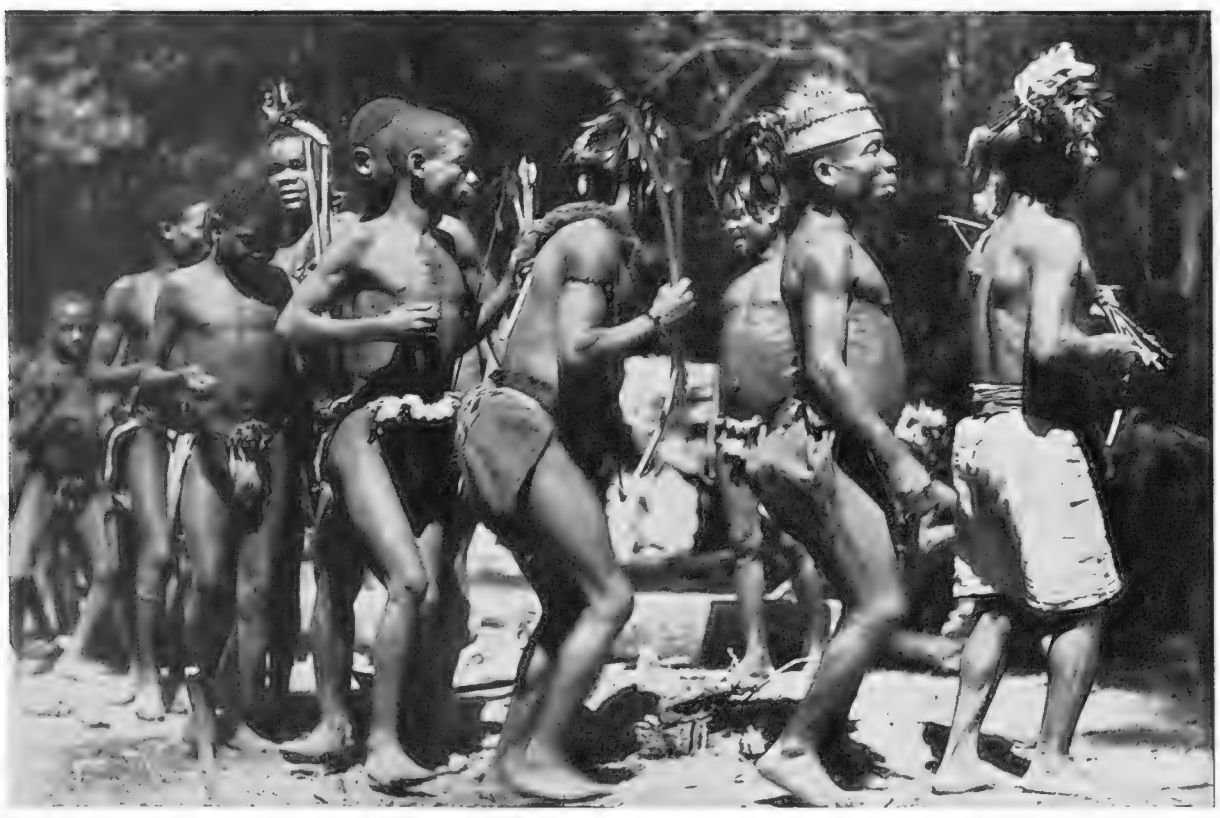
And even less to attempt to read all the "signposts" made by pygmies at every bifurcation; green branches broken in the middle; incisions freshly cut with machetes in the trunk of a tree; little tubular ant-heaps upturned: huge leaves of *magongo* turned upside down, the point indicating a certain direction; dry sticks tied in a small bundle to bar a path. And all the other signs that in the pygmy road code mean, as clearly for them as a written signpost means for us, warnings like: "To the village of Sekumbangi, turn left"; or, "This way to the place where Makulu has killed an elephant just this morning"; or, "Caution—big safari of red ants crossing the path"; or, "Two hundred paces only to the best honey-filling station," and so on.

It was quite unusual and distressing that at every bifurcation Matalatala would stop to read one of these signals, scratch his head, take the path to the right, stop again, scratch his nose—for a change—and come back, finally deciding to take the path to the left. Then at the next bifurcation begin again with the same manœuvres, hesitations and scratchings, answering more and more vaguely to my questions.

It was a long story for me, tired and famished and thirsty as I was after a good eight hours of uninterrupted march. But, to make it short, after several more hours when the forest was growing completely dark and I was already thinking we were lost, Matalatala suddenly stopped, listened intently for a second or two and then with satisfaction pronounced, *Mambuti huko*—"Here are the Mambuti."

I couldn't hear a single sound yet, but a little later I began to perceive a vague humming, as of an immense hornet's nest, increasing with every one of the quickened steps we took, until it reached, in the sonority of the forest, the volume of noise that only quite a big village can make.

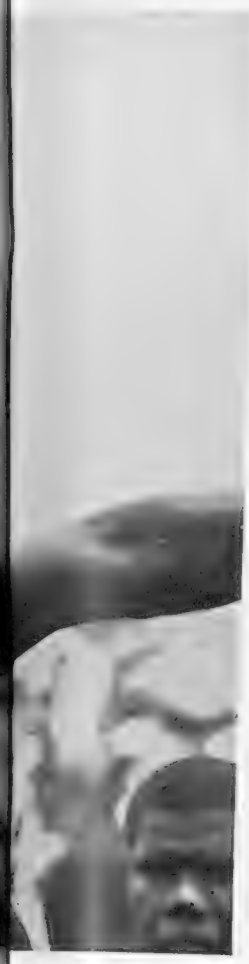
Just then we heard a shrill shout, at which the still invisible crowd fell into a deadly silence. A chorus of cries followed, a short stampede, and then the forest was



RITUAL DANCE: The Mambuti celebrate a successful day's hunting in the traditional manner. It will be noted that they wear practically no ornaments, ear-rings, necklaces, and anklets being almost unknown to them, a characteristic in which they differ from nearly all the other races of Africa, members of which take an infinite delight in adorning themselves

of the GREAT FOREST

the Friendly Lilliputians of the Epulu the Belgian Congo



silent again as if both village and people had melted into the night.

"Come, come quickly, *bwana*," said my guide. The stream of words, incomprehensible to me, which he was shouting toward the fugitives, was far however from obtaining any success.

For, reaching a huge clearing filled with hundreds of the small round huts of the pygmies, I realised that we had come to the wrong village, to one inhabited by pygmies who had seen very little of the white man, or probably did not know him at all. Evidently some child or some woman collecting wood outside the clearing had seen or heard my approach and given the alarm, provoking an immediate general flight. Men and women, old and young and children, had all disappeared into the forest, leaving behind them all their possessions; spears and bows, and pots still cooking on the dozens of tiny fires scattered everywhere.

At the same time I got my second lesson of the day; never get separated from your porters. For evidently my safari was awaiting me at some other village, how far away I could not guess, but certainly impossible to reach that night. And there was I, as tired, wet, perspired and hungry as I have ever been in my life, without even so much as a piece of bread to eat or a blanket in which to sleep.

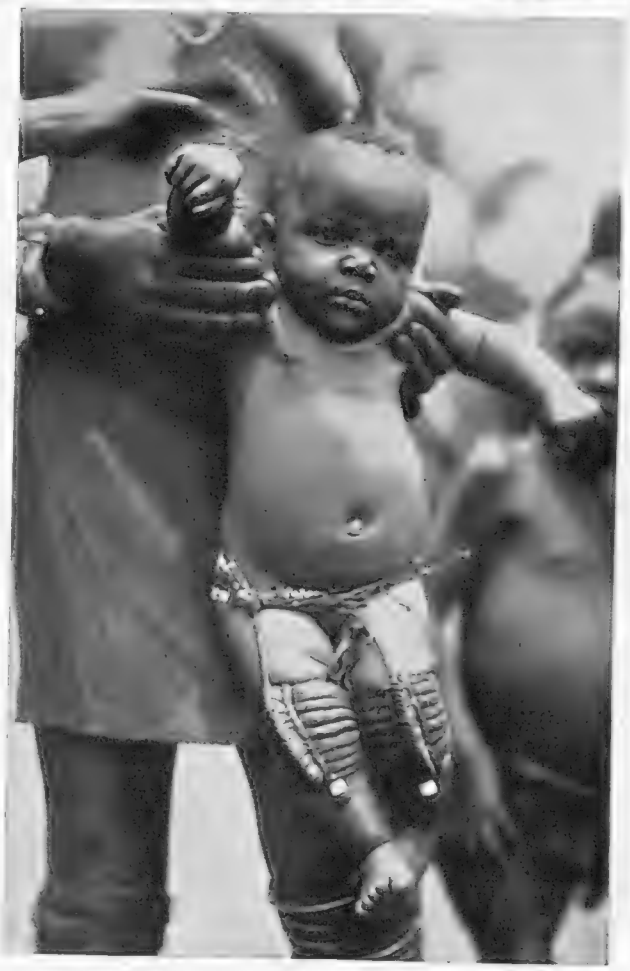
The third thing I learned was that to approach the pure pygmies of the Epulu, still so shy and wild, to establish with them friendly and lasting relations, one has to use, especially in the very beginning of the acquaintance a vast amount of patience and kindness.

Matalatala, so crushed by his own mistake that I was unable to rub it in to him, had kindled a good fire for me at a hundred yards or so from the pygmy camp near a fallen trunk where I could at least sit down, and had brought me some good spring water in a funnel made with a *magongo* leaf. Then he had crumbled down into the deepest and gloomiest misery.

Piece by piece, I had dried myself at the fire, trying to kill the time and the fatigue in smoking a cigarette, when the pygmies, probably attracted by the smell of good tobacco, must have returned, silent as shadows. I couldn't see them. I couldn't detect a single little sound. But I felt that they were hidden in the vegetation all around me, their invisible eyes studying me with a fear that curiosity was slowly overcoming.

The stub of my cigarette, indifferently tossed away, helped to confirm this impression, for it left at once the place where it had fallen, to rise up, as by a mysterious phenomenon, to four feet of height. And there it remained, gleaming under energetic puffings.

DRUMS OF THE FOREST: A pygmy providing the music for a ritual dance



AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT: In order to protect the knees of their children as they crawl round the huts the mothers bind them with woven grass. This, with advancing years, becomes very tight and has to be cut off

SMOKER'S CIRCLE: An old man with his calabash pipe, in which he burns green tobacco leaves and which he passes round to his friends after taking a few pulls

Matalatala looked quite worried, but I steadied him with a glance. "Look," I said to him, "see where the *bwanas* keep their *moto* (fire)." And with my lighter, I lit a new cigarette. That bright flame springing up from the little gadget drew an admiration which was revealed by some whispers from the surrounding blackness and which reached its highest point when I began to smoke, putting the lighted end of the cigarette inside my mouth. It was an innocent little trick of my childhood, but it made a great effect.

"*Wah, wah!*" grave, deep voices murmured all around me. The pygmies had completely forgotten their design of secrecy.

Then I put a cigarette on a leaf and deposited it at the edge of the light made by the fire.

"Who puts there an egg," I said, "may take the *tumbako*."

Every sound ceased, and I thought for a moment that my hunger had made me too precipitate. But a few minutes later six tiny hands, each grasping the gleaming whiteness of an egg, appeared from the blackness, extended toward the cigarette.

With slow movements, I added another five, then retreated again to my gigantic seat. It was really too cunning to see those six cigarettes instantly changed into six eggs as if by magic, so imperceptible had been the movement of those eager dark little hands in the starless night.

In less time than I can say it, Matalatala had carefully enveloped every egg in a *magongo* leaf and put them in the ashes to cook.

That was my dinner and supper for that day, and when I had finished it I found that by some other magic a very clever sort of chair made in light wood and straw had appeared just behind me. Two cigarettes flew through the air to recompense for his thoughtfulness the kindhearted, anonymous little man. Then I dropped into the chair and into the deepest sleep I can remember.

The morning after, even before Matalatala who had disappeared at the first glimpse of dawn could return with my porters, a hesitant delegation approached. It was composed of four old, old

(Continued on page 510)

A CHURCH OF THE PENITENTES: A building at Ranchos de Taos in the Spanish mission style, erected some 300 years ago under the direction of a single priest and similar in construction to many other places of worship in New Mexico, Mexico, and Southern California

The Penitentes of New Mexico

A Fanatical and Powerful Religious Brotherhood and its Cruel Practices

THERE was reported recently the murder of a young American writer in a lonely cabin in the mountains of New Mexico. It was alleged that he had been killed by Penitentes in revenge for his having discovered and betrayed their secrets. To the world at large the brief notice must have meant little. For me it was significant, recalling an experience that will always haunt me. At the time I was living among the Indians of New Mexico. Ever since I had been in the country I had heard tales of the Penitentes. But no one could, or would, tell me anything beyond stories that were common property. Then, by rare chance, I met a Mexican who was ready to help me provided I did as he told me. So, unseen among the sandhills outside a mountain village, I witnessed the rites of the Penitentes through the night of Holy Thursday and on Good Friday.

IN THE NEW MEXICAN FOOTHILLS: Typical country inhabited by the Penitentes

Some four hundred years ago Los Hermanos Penitentes appeared in Spain. They were known as La Confradia del tercer orden de Franciscanos. Friars of the order came with the Conquistadores to the New World. Though, for its fanaticism, the Church soon rejected it, the Order spread. The hardships of the Spanish pioneers inclined them towards a fanatic religion. It became politically strong. Now, the power of the Mexicans in New Mexico springs from the unity of this brotherhood. Nearly every Mexican village has its own Morada or chapel and meeting-house ruled by the Hermano Mayor. Although everyone knows of the Order only its members know who is an Hermano, and, since the punishment for betrayal of the Order's secrets is death, its members form an almost insuperable barrier to outside intervention. No Penitente need ever fear injustice or want if it is in the power of his brothers to help him.

For the most part of the year no one coming among them would find anything strange. They lead simple peasant lives. It is not until Lent comes that their religion takes fanatic hold of them. As Holy Week draws near it grows in frenzy. Night after night processions of men stripped to the waist wend their way through the mountains, led by a man carrying a lantern and another playing a pipe. Each Penitente carries in his hand a flail of Spanish bayonet with which he lacerates his back. Some wear chain sandles with barbs upward to the feet. Those that I saw had cactus strapped to their chests. Their flesh was swampy with blood. Their blows mingled with their penitential chant. Their ecstasy must make them resistant to pain, for when I saw the grim procession moving to the Good Friday crucifixion the men seemed to be in a walking trance. At the head came the piper, then a man dragging the death cart. The cart was low, with solid wheels, and loaded with stones. On top stood Death in a long black gown. Its white face was shaded by a hood from under which stared painted eyes. In its hands was a drawn bow. The traces of the cart bit deep into the drawer's flesh. Behind, stumbling under the cross he dragged on his shoulders, came he who was to be crucified. The villagers followed, clad in their best black clothes.

The man beyond my sandhill did not die. A fatality at a crucifixion is very rare, and to be crucified a great honour. Though the man is now seldom nailed, but suspended by his arms and legs strapped to the cross, it is an ordeal that would kill many men of less enduring faith.

D. J. Hall

THE MEETING HOUSE AT TRUCHAS with a rude wooden cross set in a cairn outside the entrance gate. Another building where the Penitentes practise their strange rites

INDIANS OF CHIAPAS

Mexico's Southernmost Province

A MUSICAL PEOPLE: Members of the Chamula tribe, who live near San Cristobal in the heart of Chiapas province, which has been cited by some historians as the cradle of the human race. These men come from different villages, a fact that is made evident by the differing styles of decoration on their wide palm fibre hats

ON THE WAY TO MARKET: The Chamulas have no vehicles or beasts of burden, and when they go into neighbouring San Cristobal they have to carry their sweet corn and other produce on their backs

A CHIEF OF THE CHAMULAS, who wears a particularly elaborately adorned headgear, greeting a subject in the traditional manner

The Chamulas, one of the fourteen or more distinct Indian tribes of Chiapas, each with its own language, are a people of fine physique, being noted for their endurance and as good runners. They derive their livelihood by growing sweet corn and selling it in the market of San Cristobal, but their wants on the whole are few and their clothes are made by the womenfolk. Their one real vice is drinking, and during their periodical carousals, when they consume an alcoholic beverage derived from cane sugar, they are apt to become dangerous. The Chamulas are nominally converts to Roman Catholicism, but they really regard the statues of the saints in much the same way as they once regarded their heathen images

World Survey

DOWN LIFTS IN NEW YORK: Men carrying posters as they picketed a skyscraper on Seventh Avenue during the strike for higher wages by liftmen and caretakers, an action that led to numerous violent clashes with the police and bid fair to paralyse the business life of the city, over 25,000 men employed in 2,100 buildings having left work. Thousands of people living in the upper storeys were thus in a most unhappy plight, being unable to obtain food without trudging up and down countless steep flights of stairs and, in cases of emergency, being uncertain of procuring adequate medical aid. This was the third strike of liftmen in New York in just over twelve months

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME: This rough wooden representation of the equestrian statue of the late King Albert of Belgium, which is being cast in bronze by the sculptor, Armand Martial, was recently set up temporarily at the Cours-la-Reine, Paris, in order to ascertain how the finished work would harmonise with its surroundings when placed in position. This is said to be the first time that such a course has ever been taken

PART OF THE BAG: A fine specimen of a wild boar accounted for during General Göring's recent visit to Poland, when he took part in a five-day shoot held by the Polish President in the State forest of Bialowieza, near Warsaw

THE END OF A DAY'S HUNTING: Flares lighting up the darkness of the night and revealing the wild boar, wolves, and other quarry laid out in the traditional manner after the return of General Göring from the shoot in the Bialowieza forest, once a favourite hunting place of the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas of Russia

—AND THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC: The crowded auditorium during an interval in a Saturday matinée at the Royal Theatre, Rome, where in accordance with Signor Mussolini's orders, performances of well-known operas are being given for the express benefit of clerks, manual labourers, and other small wage earners. All seats are priced at 1s., and the experiment, which is being tried in opera houses throughout the country, is proving tremendously popular

DID HE DO IT? General Göring examining a wolf which the correspondent who sent this picture to "The Sphere" states that he had just shot. Another newspaper has pointed out, however, that the Prussian Premier "did not meet with the success he had hoped for on his visit, neither fulfilling his dearest wish of accounting for a wolf nor influencing Poland against the Franco-Soviet pact"

A TROOP-CARRYING BIPLANE OF TO-DAY: Infantrymen boarding a machine en route for manœuvres

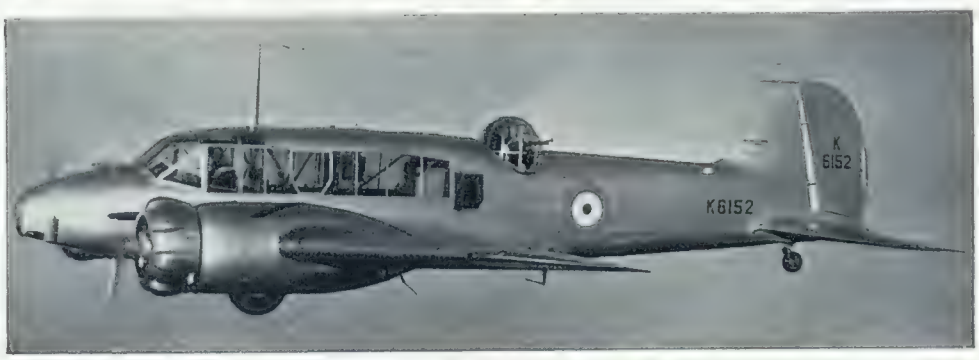
Expanding the

ROYAL AIR FORCE

How the Taxpayer's Money Will be Spent in His Own Defence

By C. D. PALMER

LAST year a programme of Air Force expansion was begun which aimed at adding seventy-one new squadrons to our Home Defence Force and bringing our total strength at home up to 123 squadrons with some 1,500 first line machines by March 31, 1937. Although this programme is still being developed it has to some extent been recast in the light of subsequent events and experience. Four additional new squadrons will be formed to co-operate with the Territorial Army and the five squadrons now allotted to Army co-operation work are to be reorganised to form seven squadrons.



THE AVRO ANSON: One of a large order of new R.A.F. twin-engined aircraft now ready for delivery to allotted units. They are the first with retractable undercarriages to be placed in service and the type is designed primarily for coastal reconnaissance work. It is particularly notable for the circular gun turret placed in the centre of the fuselage

Altogether the amended plan with which this year's estimates deal will provide 126 squadrons at home, of which twenty will be non-regular Auxiliary Air Force and Special Reserve squadrons. These figures are exclusive of the Fleet Air Arm. They represent a rather striking contrast with the position at April 1, 1935, when we had only fifty-three squadrons representing 580 first-line machines.

This huge expansion programme is due to be completed in the main by the end of the 1936 financial year and it is therefore not surprising to find that the Air Estimates show a proportionate expansion. At £43,490,600 the gross estimates for 1936 are £12,448,500 greater than the final estimates for 1935.

One of the most difficult problems of rapid expansion in time of peace is the provision of personnel, and in a highly technical service such as the R.A.F. personnel of a sufficiently good standard. The expansion policy announced last May with the amendments now incorporated involves the training within two years of some 2,500 pilots and over 22,000 airmen, mostly for skilled trades. Results so far have been most satisfactory and the Air Ministry expects that during this year the personnel requirements of the expansion programme will be successfully met.

Obviously such a large entry of new personnel has demanded an increase in the numbers of experienced and skilled officers and men in the service. This has been achieved by retaining officers who would normally have retired, and by extending the period of service of those holding Short Service Commissions. With men the same policy has been followed and the periods of service of selected men have been extended and skilled men re-engaged.

The R.A.F. Reserve forms a most essential link in the Home defence expansion scheme. The Secretary of State for Air, speaking at Cambridge on March 6, referred to the needs of this branch of the Service in the immediate future. He said that 600 officers would be required this year, 800 next year, and 800 the year after that and he appealed to employers to help in finding officers for the Auxiliary Squadrons and the Reserve. He hoped that employers would be willing to give officers the extra leave necessary to cover their annual training without encroaching on their ordinary leave.

A new training scheme for pilots has been instituted whereby they receive their initial training at civilian flying schools. Thirteen civil training schools are now operating and of these nine have been formed since June, 1935. The payments to these schools for the preliminary flying training of regular pilots is estimated to cost £343,000 and payments for training courses for reserve pilots £190,000 during 1936.

After receiving preliminary flying training at the civilian schools pilots pass on to more advanced training at R.A.F. flying training schools. To cope with the large numbers to be given advanced training five additional R.A.F. schools have been established making a total of eleven. The Air Estimates disclose that provision is being made this year for starting building five more.

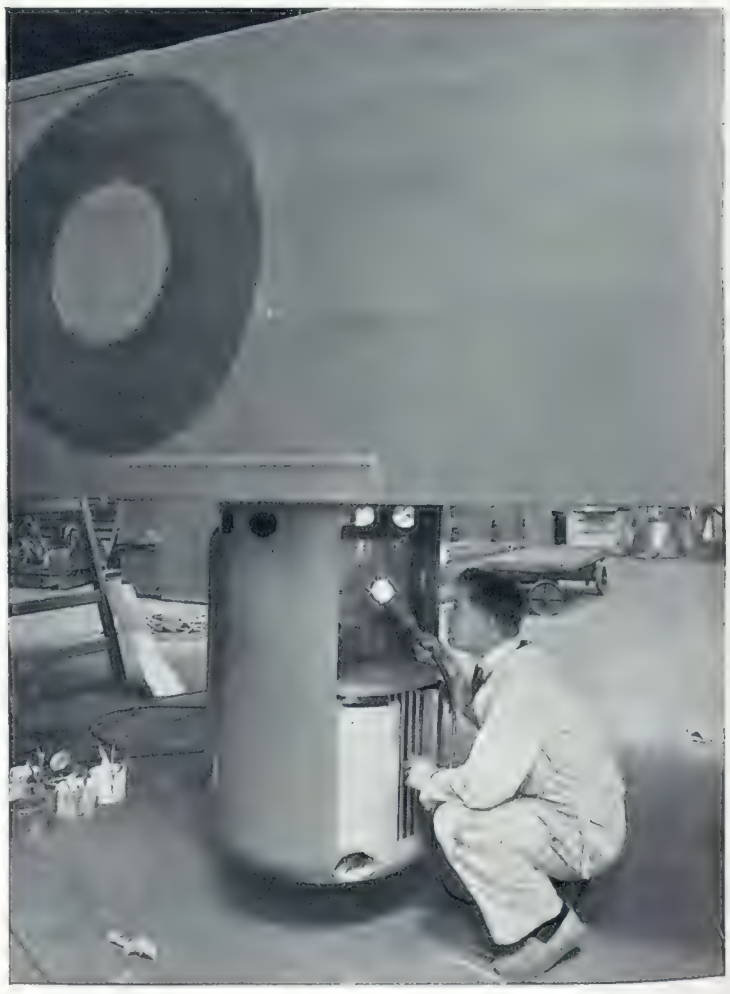
Obviously men, aeroplanes, and stores must be properly housed. Most R.A.F. stations up to the inception of the expansion programme were composed, in part at least, of old buildings of the war period. These buildings were never intended to be permanent, and were built to have a life of ten years. Many of them have been in use ever since the war and were being gradually replaced by new permanent buildings within the limits of the meagre sums available for such works before the expansion scheme was launched. Now the replacement of these old buildings at existing stations has been reduced to bare necessities in view of the need for new air stations. Some old war aerodromes whose buildings have either been demolished or left derelict are being taken into use again. At one aerodrome, for example, only a single hangar remains, used until recently by a farmer as a hay barn. This station is to be reconstructed at a cost provisionally estimated at £260,000.

There are, of course, a large number of completely new stations to be built. Sites for twenty-nine have already been actually acquired or are in course of acquisition, and further sites have been selected. £416,000 is allotted in the estimates for the purchase of lands. The estimated total cost of constructing the most expensive home station which figures in the estimates is as much as £445,000, while even the cheapest of the new stations is expected to cost £235,000 by the time it is finished.

The training establishments for men must be enlarged to meet the requirements of a larger Air Force. For example, additions at Halton will cost in all £368,000. Of this sum £78,000 will have been spent by March 31 this year, £83,000 will be spent in the next financial year, and £207,000 will remain to be spent before the work is finished.

Altogether, the estimates for expenditure on works, buildings, and lands during 1936 at home alone amount to some £4,310,000.

For 1936, £14,680,000 is to be spent on aeroplanes and engines as compared with £9,621,000 in 1935. In this matter of equipment a great deal has been done to speed up the development and delivery of new and improved types. Manufacturers have been given a freer hand in producing new designs with the result that the R.A.F. should receive better value for money in the way of aircraft than ever before.



POINT OF VANTAGE: At work on the construction of an armoured gun turret which projects beneath the fuselage and can, if necessary, be drawn up. It is being used on many of the latest types of bombers

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM: The beautiful main hall of the famous Palazzo Labia in Venice, showing its principal treasure, "The Feast of Antony and Cleopatra" fresco, by Gianbattista Tiepolo, the noted eighteenth-century Venetian artist, whose work was so much influenced by Titian and Veronese. *On right*—An exterior view of the palace (*centre*) which stands in a commanding position on the Grand Canal

Restoring a Venetian Treasure House

Count Labia's Unfinished Task

The death in South Africa a short while ago of Count Labia, the Italian Minister to the Union, leaves only partially completed the immense task of restoring the Palazzo Labia on the Grand Canal, a work of interest both to Venice itself and to the world of art. The palace was built in the early years of the eighteenth century at a cost of 1,200,000 Venetian gold ducats—a truly enormous sum for that period—but about thirty-five years ago the fortunes of the Labia family declined, and their home had to be divided into apartments and let. In 1933, however, Count Labia married the wealthy daughter of Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African mining millionaire, and was thus enabled to buy back the palace and start the work of restoration. The task was entrusted to experts in art and antiques and (says a recent report in *The Times*) a "place was given in its saloons to objects of high value formerly in possession of noble Venetian families: pictures by well-known painters, sculptures, vases, and other works of great artistic and historical value. 'Byron's drawing room'—that is, the ten armchairs, the couch, and the four little tables of the Palazzo Mocenigo at San Samuele, where Lord Byron lived—was transferred to the Palazzo Labia, together with magnificent Flemish tapestries of the seventeenth century, pictures by Longhi and Guardi, and furniture of the Donà collection. But the restoration is not yet finished, and it is now not known whether the work will be completed"

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES BATEMAN, A.R.A.

C.F.H.

RUSSIA'S FRONTIER SNIPERS

Guards Who Keep a Ceaseless Watch for Fugitives from Soviet Territory

CAMOUFLAGE: A Soviet frontier guard, wearing a cloak and hood to match his surroundings, in hiding near a lake on the Finnish border, ready to act immediately if he sees anyone attempting to leave Russian territory without authority. His man-hunting hound, a trained swimmer, has been responsible for the death by drowning of many unfortunates wishing to escape from a regime with which they were not in sympathy. *Above on left*—Guards clad in white cloaks that render them very nearly invisible in the snow-covered countryside

WATCHING AND WAITING: Soviet guards, typical of those posted on the borders of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Poland, and whose orders are to shoot to kill if they cannot get their man alive. They allow very few to slip through to safety. *On right*—A guardhouse near the Polish frontier, set high above the ground in order to provide the snipers with a good vantage point

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LINES OF DEFENCE: This sketch map of the northern theatre of war shows (dark lines) a series of positions that have been taken up or may be taken up in the future by the Abyssinian armies, each an admirable natural barrier offering immense difficulties for an invading force. Ras Kassa and Ras Seyoum have, as is already known, been dislodged at Aksum, Northern Tigré, and at Makale and Amber Alaji, Southern Tigré, but before Addis Ababa is reached there remain many equally good vantage points from which the Emperor's troops are not likely to be driven without fierce fighting

ITALY'S NORTHERN CAMPAIGN

The Position as it is To-day, and the Strategical Opportunities Open to the Abyssinians

By COLONEL S. L. CRA'STER

TO find a parallel to combatants so unevenly matched as Italy and Ethiopia we must imagine to ourselves the hordes of Nadir Shah engaging the English Army of 1914, for the handicap would not be greater in as far as armament and supply are concerned. But if one considers man-power the disparity is not nearly so great.

The native troops in the Italian army have been well trained and are inured to "frontier warfare," having been employed for years past in subduing Libya and Seranaica, and they are of course acclimatised. The pure Italian troops on the other hand are young and, until the last few months, untried. The bulk of them hail from the plains of Italy, and the Alpini and Sicilian Divisions alone have been thoroughly hill-trained, but until recently the Duce forbore to remove them from Europe. Even these had not been called on to face the very formidable crags and precipitous slopes of mountain and gorge on the scale found in the northern theatre of war in Ethiopia until the recent battles developed. To describe this area adequately and without apparent exaggeration is not easy, but it may give some idea if we note that the valleys of the Mareb (the frontier river north of Adua) and the Takaze are two or three miles wide at the plateau levels, and drop 3,000 ft. and more to the turbulent rivers rushing through the gorges far below. The Takaze has many tributaries on both banks, and in this broken country the lithe and lightly armed Ethiopian (hardy mountaineer, fearless and tireless, animated by a lust for close fighting and utterly careless of death as long as he can reach his enemy and strike home) is by no means at a disadvantage. Guerilla warfare is dictated by the nature of the theatre of war, and to such warfare he is accustomed.

If the Ethiopian armies could be persuaded (as their Emperor has advised) to oppose the enemy's steady advance by launching many small detachments, each taking full advantage of the precipitous country which abounds, they would offer but poor targets to Italian bombing 'planes or artillery, and by continually harassing the advancing columns necessarily tailed out, they would stand an excellent chance of checking, if not entirely stopping, the main advance. "Crowning the heights" is a very slow and tedious operation, and calls for unceasing vigilance, good inter-communication and physical fitness. But the baronial system under which the Ethiopians live and have taken the field to-day is inimical to such strategy and field tactics. The barons, great and small, are often insistent that their own contingents shall at all times be in their own neighbourhood, and instances are on record when a baron has removed himself and his entire contingent to another part of the field, because the whim seized him, or it may be he had news that a brother baron, a friend of his, was in difficulties, and he might decide of his own volition to bring aid without reference to the general military situation at the moment. So ugly gaps have appeared, and the attacking column realises that opposition, for some reason, has suddenly ceased, and their commander is quick to exploit to the full the advantage which comes his way.

Under these circumstances, and always bearing in mind the enormous superiority possessed by modern armaments, the soundest strategy of the Ethiopian commanders is to engage their opponents in endless rear-guard actions which are wearisome for the attacker, and by skilful disposition of small detached bodies in inconspicuous flanking valleys to harass their enemy's lines of communication. In such a country as Northern Ethiopia (Shiré, Tigré, Gojam, and Shoa) no modern army can outrace its supply columns for any length of time and must therefore concentrate on the making and maintenance of substantial military roads, on the establishment of good water supply, and the construction of aerodromes, and all means of rapid communication by land and air. To these must be added the construction of a series of fortified posts 3 to 10 miles apart to command the roads by day and by night, and defences and shelters for outlying pickets at commanding or vulnerable points.

In a word, this is an engineer's war, and the Italians know it well and are providing for it as best they can. But they, too, are handicapped, for they have been unable to secure indigenous Labour Corps though they have tried in Egypt, in the Yemen, and even as far east as the Dutch Indies. Consequently they are relying chiefly on Italian labour for these multifarious duties. Experience has taught that under such circumstances and active service conditions sickness and mortality will take a heavy toll, but up till now the Italian censors have allowed little information on this point to leak through to the outer world. But the Ethiopian commanders have not lost sight of the weak joint in the Italian armour lurking in the "lines of communication" problem, and this has been well illustrated in the series of minor engagements ever since the capture of Makale in the Eastern Tembien and Enda Silassie in Western Shiré. The Italian dispatches would have us believe that with these places in their hands the roads to the South were open, as soon as the Italian working parties could bring up the roads and light railways to ensure ample supplies. Instead,

THE GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH: An Italian Carabinieri post at the Doghea Pass on the main Negus road to along which Marshal Badoglio's men have been advancing. With the coming of the rainy season the campaign considerably and the months of waiting will probably be occupied in strengthening such existing positions as this,

there has undoubtedly been waged a minor war like "hide and seek," and the main advance has been halted until these hilly districts have been cleared of their Ethiopian defenders.

Even now, it is more than doubtful whether detached bands of Ethiopian guerillas do not cling to the tortuous and intricate slopes in Shiré and Tembien leading down to the Takaze. The prominence given to the news that Italian cavalry are now masters of *all* the Takaze fords surely hints that their commanders too have their doubts, and wish to deny the crossings to any parties attempting to retreat southward; for they maintain that the morale of the armies of the Rases recently ejected from Amba Aradam, Amber Alaji, from the neighbourhood of Abbi Addi and the hills of Debra Abbai south of Enda Silassie is so utterly destroyed that these harassed troops cannot turn again and operate against the Italian communications. If this be true the fords will not be used by Ethiopians moving northwards, but the end is not yet.

We know on high authority that the Ethiopian Government has mobilised every soul from ten years of age upwards, of both sexes, and that these have vowed that they will one and all

AN ITALIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY: Preparing to fire on one of the Emperor's reconnaissance 'planes which ventured some way behind the Italian lines in Tigré. The Abyssinian air force is said to have increased considerably of recent months

CREEPING BARRAGE: Shells bursting near the Doghea Pass in order to cover the advance of an Italian detachment through a valley occupied by enemy patrols

to a Government which could enforce its duress by armed force. He would know that no caravans could safely cross from east to west as they would be attacked and looted, every human being cruelly done to death, and every animal seized by the raiders south-west of his southern boundary, coterminous with the French; he would know of the rough hills dominated by Mount Musa Ali leading through the Sultanate of Aussa to the foot-hills of the Ethiopian plateaux, thus avoiding the great depression if need be. Also he would know that the bond of allegiance of the Aussa Sultan *vis-à-vis* his overlord the Negus was slight, and would determine to find means to detach the Sultan and so secure his left flank should his troops move south-westward from the port of Assab.

In Northern Eritrea he had the port of Massawa, handed over to Italy by Egypt in the '80s, when the Khalifa held sway in the Sudan, and this would form his sea-base; with Asmara, some fifty miles to the west, at a height of 6,000 ft. on a considerable plateau, which would make an excellent main base for his forces. It is blessed with an equable climate, and very desirable to acclimatise young troops newly-landed from Italy.

Marshal de Bono, on taking over command, busied himself with preparations on a very liberal scale. Roads sprang into being, the railway was improved, cable-ways were set working between Asmara and Massawa, whilst around Massawa spacious reservoirs for water supply and for irrigation were pushed on, for he knew his high command contemplated a campaign of four years, and he must provide for local supplies of all kinds for very large numbers of troops, Italian and native. As summer drew on towards early autumn, the pressure on Massawa increased, and the port was choked with ships waiting to discharge troops and stores, sometimes for weeks.

One gathers that the heavy lorry adopted as the Army type proved unsatisfactory on these newly made roads. If they came to grief they could not be replaced rapidly on the road, and a single derelict would cause a block a mile long. They also broke up road surfaces terribly. The Italian commanders have freely used their Air force for reconnaissance and bombing, but it would seem that as bombers they are not very successful, and the Ethiopians have learnt their lesson and rapidly seek cover at the first alarm. The Italian bulletins have until recently constantly mentioned the doings of their native troops, and it would appear that they have borne the chief brunt of the fighting and must now be withdrawn to rest, or they will "crack."

Towards the end of February, after days of intensive activity in the air, a general advance took place, Amba Aradam was stormed, and not long after Amber Alaji, another prominent peak on the road to Dessie was reported captured and the road to the capital was said to be open.

But the map shows that between Makale and Magdala the Ethiopian armies, if their morale holds, can take up one strong position after another, always covering the capital and the ground between successive positions can be successfully contested, thus dragging on the campaign and increasing the strain on Italian resources. A highly mechanised army becomes immobile whilst the inhabitants of these regions resort to night attacks with spear, sword, and knife and continually harass pickets and posts.

There is little doubt that the Ethiopian armies will cling desperately to the massifs of Ras Dashan (15,000 feet) and Abuna Josef (13,700 feet) and the hills between them, and in six weeks or may be two months from now the greater rains will add enormously to the difficulties of field operations in the highlands.

To create a diversion towards Harar and to capture Diredawa station we may look for another attempt via Mount Musa Ali.

Amber Alaji from the north, is likely to slow up very and the building of new forts

gladly sell their lives dearly ere the Italians possess one square mile of their empire. That the women equally with the men are animated by this ardent spirit is undoubted, and in times past the women have taken an honourable place in the fighting.

The northern plateau is capped by white limestone some 500 feet thick, forced up by the upheaval, in primeval times, which produced the Nile Valley and the Great Meridional Rift of Eastern Kenya. In many places volcanic rocks are extruded through the limestone and stand in the form of pillars and inaccessible scarps 100 feet and more above the limestone cap. Magdala is an instance. The Italian commander in the Northern theatre a year ago, knowing that his Government had decided on a policy of conquest, would naturally take stock of the position, first in regard to his opponent and then in respect of Eritrea and its facilities for concentration of his troops in such manner as to reach his objective in a minimum of time, with a minimum of expense and loss of the lives of his forces.

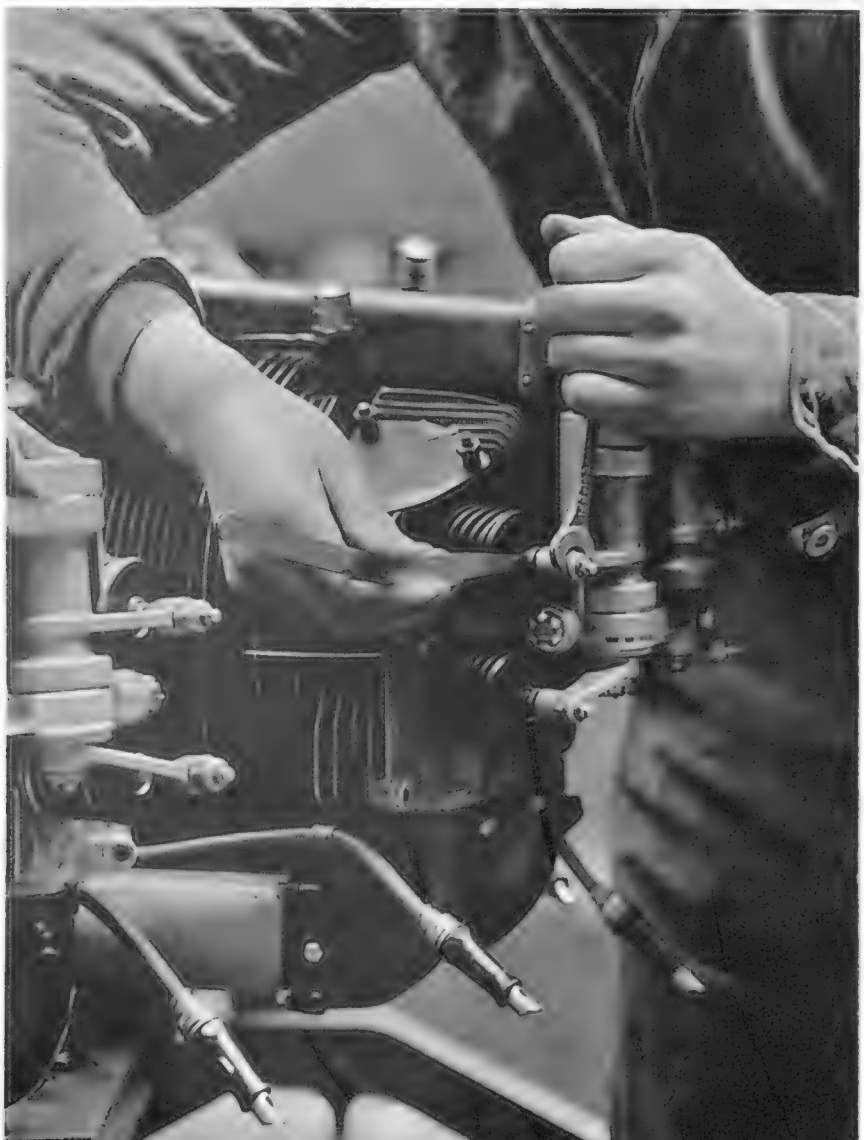
He would know that south-west of southern Eritrea lies the Great Danakil depression, a barren and hopeless waste, with but few springs yielding chiefly water highly mineralised, boasting high temperatures all the year round and sparsely inhabited by a savage race, skilled in cunning and ambush, cruel to a degree, and answerable only

CONCENTRATION POINT: Lake Ashangi, which lies just to the south of Amber Alaji, scene of Italy's latest success and 250 miles to the north of Addis Ababa. It is in a district upon which the Italian bombers have been concentrating of recent weeks

HALTON : THE UNIVE OF THE AIR

Apprentices at Work at the R.A.F. of Technical Training in Buckingha

INTRICACIES OF THE MAGNETO: Apprentices—the future skilled craftsmen of the Royal Air Force—at work in one of the modernly equipped lecture rooms at Halton. *Below*—A student engaged in the valve adjustment of an aero-engine



THE WELL-STOCKED LIBRARY: Here the apprentices can gain access to nearly ...ver studies of aircraft construction, thus supplementing the practical and theoretical ...ork

The question is often asked: "Why is it the Air Force enters such a large proportion of its personnel as aircraft apprentices?"

The answer is that skilled craftsmen with aeronautical experience are not available in sufficient numbers from civil industry to meet the annual requirements of the Royal Air Force for highly qualified tradesmen. The decision was therefore taken some fifteen years ago to establish a special school at which the principal groups of skilled craftsmen could be trained. The success of the scheme largely depended on recruitment of boys of an educational standard roughly equivalent to University matriculation. It was a novel conception, including the reduction of the training period for apprentices to a period of three years as against the normal period of five to seven y... to be on thorough... trades in the Air... the aircraft appre...

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VERSITY

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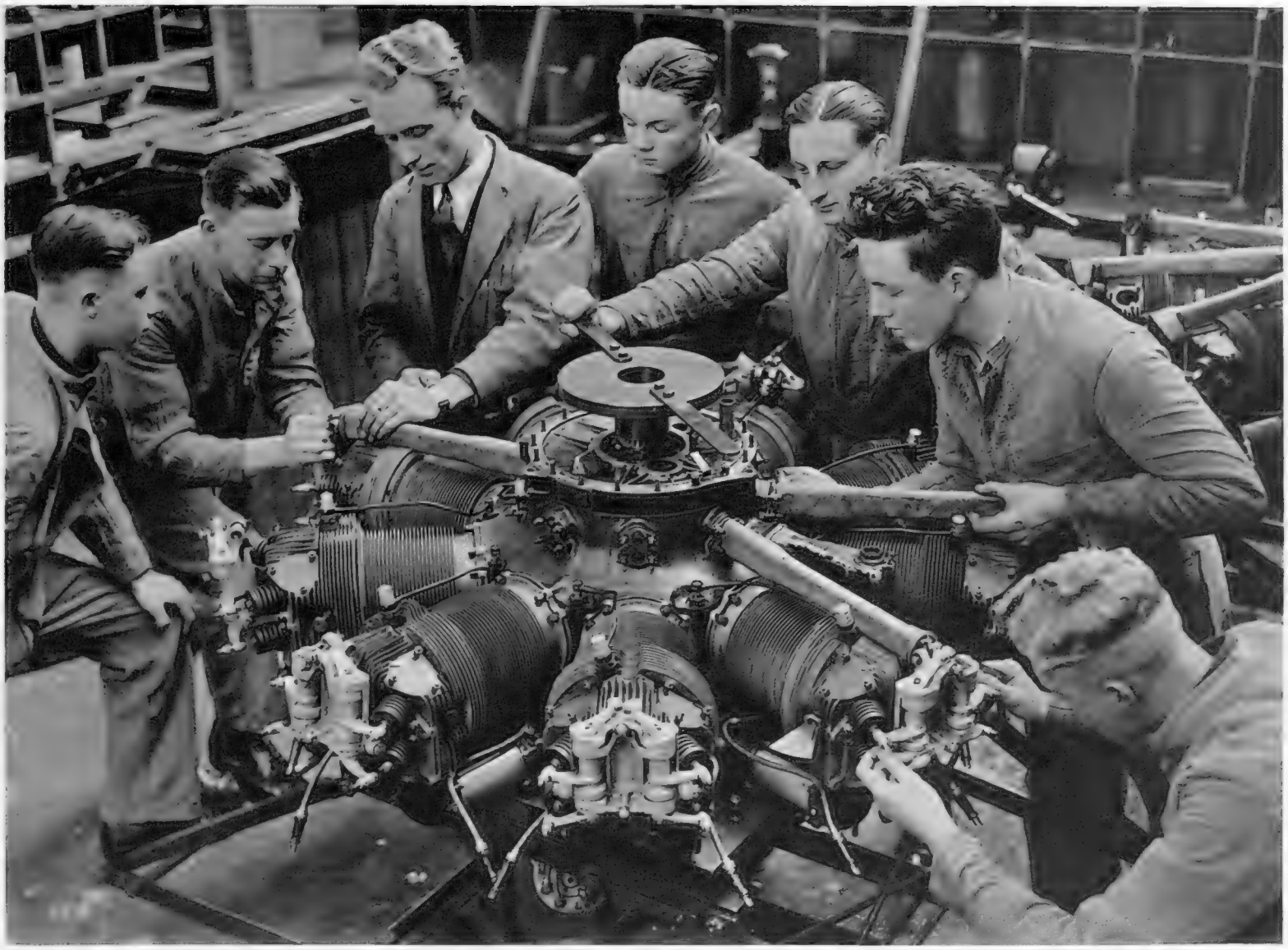


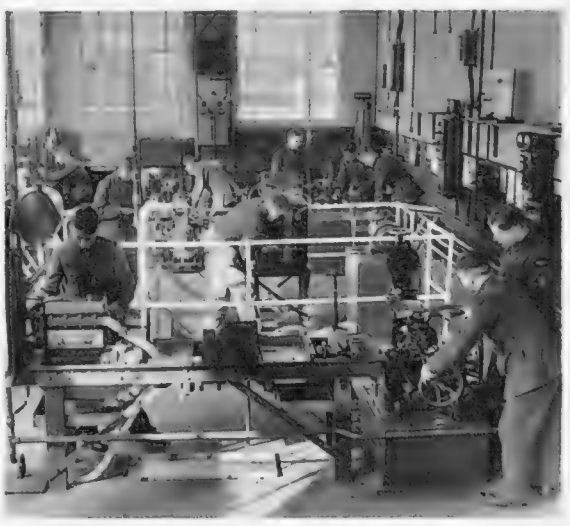
ADJUSTING THE VALVE TIMING OF AN AIR-COOLED AERO ENGINE: An every-day scene at Halton where there are at present nearly 3,000 boys in training to be fitters, wireless mechanics, and instrument makers, for whom the R.A.F. has a large and increasing demand. *Above on left*—Determining the tensile strength of metal

every book of reference that can aid them in their work done in the laboratories and lecture rooms

ven years in civil industry. That decision has proved oroughly sound and practical lines, and the principal e Air Force are now normally supplied entirely through apprentice system.

ent entry rate to the main school at Halton is roughly ar. There are nearly 3,000 boys there, and it was ncluded that 1,000 more were required on account of at Halton, in common with other R.A.F. training nts is being enlarged to meet the requirements of an ir Force. C. D. Palmer points out in his article on this issue that a sum of £368,000 has been set aside n purposes.

Above—INTELLIGENCE TEST: Each new arrival at Halton is interviewed by the psychology expert who, by timing his reactions to questions and other means, determines in what particular direction his ability lies. This youth is evidently being "clocked" as he fits together some engine parts. *On right*—Students hearing a lecture on aeroplane components



THE ENGINE LABORATORY: Where the students, most of whom are seniors, learn the ins and outs of the power units as they run free on test benches

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

INSIDE INFORMATION: Apprentices receiving a lesson on aircraft construction with a 'plane, stripped of its outer covering, exemplifying the points made by the instructor

IN THE FLOWER FIELDS OF THE SCILLY ISLES: Gathering spring blooms near the rocky shore. At this time of year, when the season is at its height, the fisherfolk help the market gardeners who, as may be expected have more work than they can conveniently cope with

£s.d. of the FLOWER INDUSTRY

A Business that is Now Booming

By CHARLES GRAVES

ALTHOUGH Spring, as personified by the cut flower industry, is almost a month late, the floral expresses from Lincolnshire, Cornwall, Hampshire, Middlesex, Devonshire, and the Lea valley have been arriving at the various London termini in the early hours of every morning since last week. About £15,000,000 a year is spent by the public on cut flowers—an increase of over 50 per cent. since 1926. When one considers the intervening slump, these figures are remarkable. They are particularly satisfactory when one realises that the bulk of the flowers are British grown. Tariffs on foreign blooms have had a remarkable effect. Holland, with all its miles of bulbs, exported to us only 400 tons in 1935—less than one tenth of what they sent to us four years ago.

To-day there are only four varieties of flowers which cannot be grown even more successfully in this country than abroad. They are cultivated lilac, American Beauties (particularly expensive kind of dark red rose), mimosa, and Parma violets. By contrast France imports large quantities of our high grade roses and carnations. So, when you next read a label suggesting that your carnations have been imported by air you can choose to disbelieve it.

THE NARCISSI HARVEST ON ST. MARY'S: Picking flowers for market in the Scillies, where this year the yield has not been quite up to normal on account of the adverse weather conditions. The hedge in the background provides a natural protective barrier against the fierce winds which invariably sweep across the island during the winter months

Meantime, the development of the home flower growing industry is helping to increase employment very considerably. Every new bulb field that is planted, and every glasshouse that is built, means more work. More labour is needed by the organisations engaged in their transport, in the mines which supply coal for heating the greenhouses, and in the factories where the packing cases are made—and so on *ad infinitum*. It is estimated, indeed, that 100,000 people are now employed in the various branches of the British flower industry.

It is curious, though, how the flower industry has dwindled in one way and literally blossomed in another. Before the war, they tell me, if a member of the Stock Exchange did not wear a flower in his button-hole his friends immediately presumed that he had a death in his family, or, worse still, some unfortunate business transaction. To-day the button-hole is a rarity in the City despite the late King's example. On the other hand, the habit of lunching out and dining out has resulted in a tremendous increase in the sale of flowers to hotels and restaurants. I am assured that hotels of the first order spend a minimum of £2,000 a year on their flower bill. The Savoy Hotel, with its huge restaurant and grill, spends £6,000 a year. I was talking to the woman, Mrs. Griffiths, who is responsible for the flower service for this hotel and its sister establishments, Claridge's and the Berkeley. She employs nine girls at the Savoy alone, and 15,000 individual flowers are used every day in the restaurant, grill room, and banqueting department. In the various bedrooms flowering plants are also used, so they do not have to be renewed literally every day as in the rest of the hotel.

My informant also does a large private business for weddings, funerals, public companies, and private dances. For a wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, it will cost 50 guineas to decorate the chancel properly. If you choose to decorate the entire church it will cost four times that amount. Flowers for St. George's, Hanover Square, may cost you as little as £30, though you can easily run up a bill for £150. That goes for St. Martin-in-the-Fields as well. People who get married at the Savoy Chapel often do so in a hurry. These rush orders after a special Licence of Marriage has been obtained are seldom more than £20.

I am not at liberty to disclose what Lord's and the Oval spend a year on their window boxes, table decorations, and wreaths in the appropriate colours for the funerals of their elderly members, but it is very considerable. Wreaths, by the by, are a tricky problem. At the same time they provide a method for using up all the florist's old stuff. They will cost anything from 10s. to £20. As for public companies and private firms, I can cite the case of the three-figure bill paid by Shell Mex for the decorations of their courtyard and reception rooms at the public opening of their new premises in the Strand, and the normal figure of £20 paid by smart dressmakers in Bruton Street and Upper Grosvenor Street for the openings of their Spring and Summer Collections.

At a private dance £15 is probably the minimum sum necessary to decorate a hotel ballroom or even a big private house adequately. Some hostesses naturally send for their own flowers from their own cottages in the country. The majority of them, however, have grown too fond and even proud of their own gardens to allow them to be denuded in this way. In consequence they buy the flowers.

Flowers reach London from midnight onwards. The market at Covent Garden opens at half-past five in the morning and closes promptly at 9 a.m. If for no other reason, the market is therefore a sealed mystery to most people. Anyone, however, suffering from insomnia might very well pay it a visit one morning. It is full of bustle and excitement. The prices of flowers are even more elastic than the most sensitive share on the Stock Exchange. According to supply and demand a dozen carnations, using this as a unit, can vary to the extent of 4s. or 5s. in an hour or two.

Altogether there are 465 stands in the flower market, which employs at least 2,000 people. It is visited daily by hundreds of buyers from London and the provinces, and the quantity sold has increased from 2,500,000 packages in 1925 to double that number in 1935. The present flower market covers an area of 52,000 ft., and is the automatic destination of all the blooms which reach London.

In addition to the small stands there are five or six big flower brokers. The largest of them handles 30,000 packages a week. These packages contain anything from two dozen to ten dozen flowers apiece. Taking, therefore, an average of six dozen, this firm alone is dealing with well over 1,000,000 blooms a week. But throughout my investigations into the flower industry I have come across startling figures. Over 1,000 tons of flowers were landed at Penzance from the Scillies last year. Special cargo boats are chartered at the height of the season to bring double that number from the Channel Islands

(Continued on page 520)

SPRING FRAGRANCE: Making up bunches of daffodils and narcissi which grow in such profusion in the Scillies, and make their appearance a considerable time before those on the mainland. It is only of recent years that the islanders have carried on this business, and it has brought them a remarkable degree of prosperity. There is, indeed practically no unemployment in Hugh Town

IN SEARCH OF PASTURES NEW AS WINTER TURNS TO SPRING

Sheep wending their way from the dales to their summer quarters on the Yorkshire moors

BLUEBELL TIME IN THE HILLS OF HEREFORDSHIRE

A riot of colour round the base of a sturdy giant of the woods

BIRDS OF THE WATERS

Swans and Their Breeding Haunts—Canadian Geese on a Norfolk Estate

NESTING TIME ON THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON: *Left and Right*—Swans in the reeds and rushes near the water's edge, where at this time of year they lay their eggs, from three to five in the case of the younger and from ten to twelve in the case of the older birds. They usually choose an island for the purpose and are extraordinarily resentful of strangers at this period. They have even been known to attack people in canoes and rowing boats, attempting to upset them by flying low and using their wings as weapons

THE GOOSE STEP: A flock of Canadian geese at Holkham Park, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk—the residence of the Earl of Leicester. This variety, which is found all over North America, is partially domesticated in Europe, and it breeds here very freely

FROM A LONDON PARK . . . . . TO THE PLACID WATERS OF THE CHANNEL

Now is the time when the seagulls begin to think of moving from their winter inland haunts to the coasts of Britain where they nest on the clifftops by the sea. On left is a clever study of a gull braking before alighting

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Rebuilding the Temple of Wingless Victory at Athens

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT WILL BE: The temple of Athena Nike, which has now been demolished stone by stone with a view to rendering the structure completely stable. In its long history of nearly two thousand four hundred years it has undergone many vicissitudes

VANISHED GLORY: The diminutive but beautiful temple of Athena Nike, or Wingless Victory, the famous monument on the Athenian Acropolis, which some time ago was found by M. Nicholas Balanos to be in imminent danger of collapse on account of the crumbling of its foundations, has, as this picture shows, been taken down, only the lower courses of masonry now remaining. It will be re-built in the near future and, it is to be hoped, rendered safe for all time. The necessary funds are being provided by the Greek Government

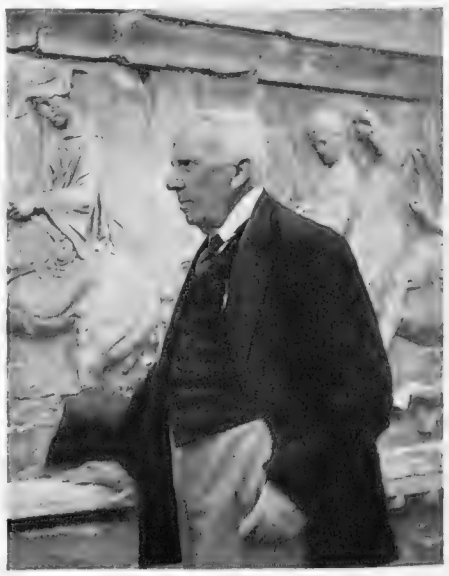
450 B.C.—A.D. 1936

The Monument's Stirring History

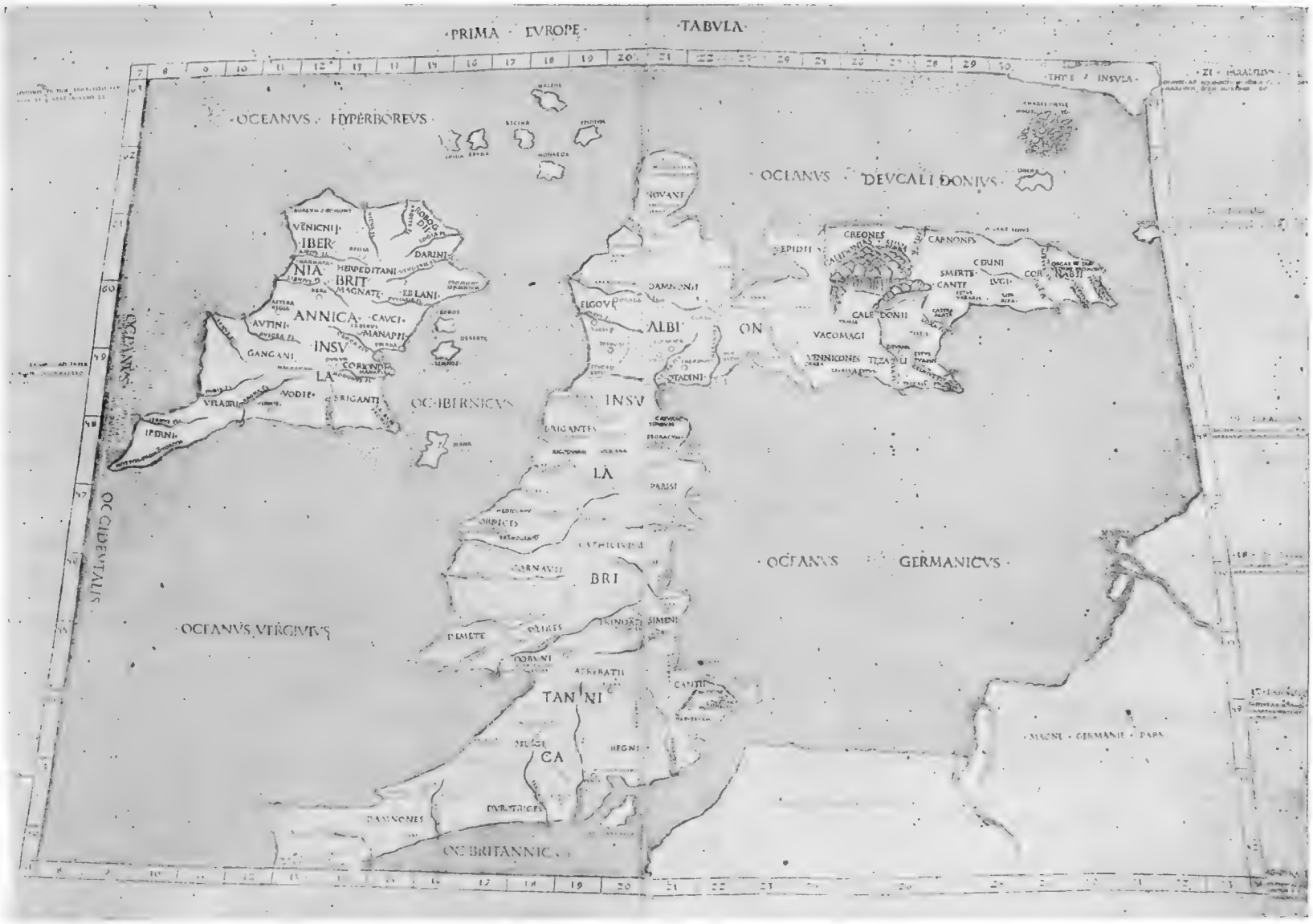
The temple of Athena Nike, one of the lesser monuments of the Acropolis, was begun in 450 B.C., and probably finished during the Peloponnesian War. In 1687 this beautiful Ionian building of Pentelic marble was demolished by the Turks, and it was not until 1835, a year after Athens became capital of free Greece, that it was re-erected by a party of German archæologists. The frieze running round the entire building is ornamented in one part with scenes from the battle of Platæa, the historic engagement in which the Greeks routed the Persian hosts, while the remarkable reliefs in the style of Phidias on the parapet are comparable to the finest gems of the Parthenon. Lovers of classic art will be relieved to hear that the temple is being made safe, and the work of re-construction could be in no better hands, for M. Nicholas Balanos has a wealth of experience to assist him in his task. For some years past he has been superintending the setting up of the columns of the Parthenon

DURING THE WORK OF DEMOLITION: The temple surrounded by scaffolding as the stones were being carefully removed

READY FOR REASSEMBLY: Columns and capitals which were placed under lock and key after the demolition. Each piece was given an identification mark in order to aid the architects in rebuilding



M. NICHOLAS BALANOS: The noted archæologist who discovered the temple's plight and is now in charge of its restoration



ART OF THE CARTOGRAPHER: This very rare map of Britain, printed at a time when the revival of Ptolemy's teaching was revolutionising map-making, comes from a copy of the *Ptolemaeus Cosmographia*, a volume of twenty-seven double-page reproductions brought out in Rome in 1478 by Arnoldus Buckinck, and the only work so far known to have been issued by this particular printer. It is the property of Major Q. E. Gurney, of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk, and is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on Monday, March 30, together with other valuable books and manuscripts. The name Londinium, it will be noted, is printed comparatively small, while, quaintly enough, great prominence has been given to the Caledonian forest, even to the extent of including an elaborate symbolic sketch of some trees

Maps and Manuscripts

In the London Salerooms

A Play Written Possibly by the Author of "Ralph Roister Doister" and Dealing with the Religious Controversy from the Catholic Standpoint

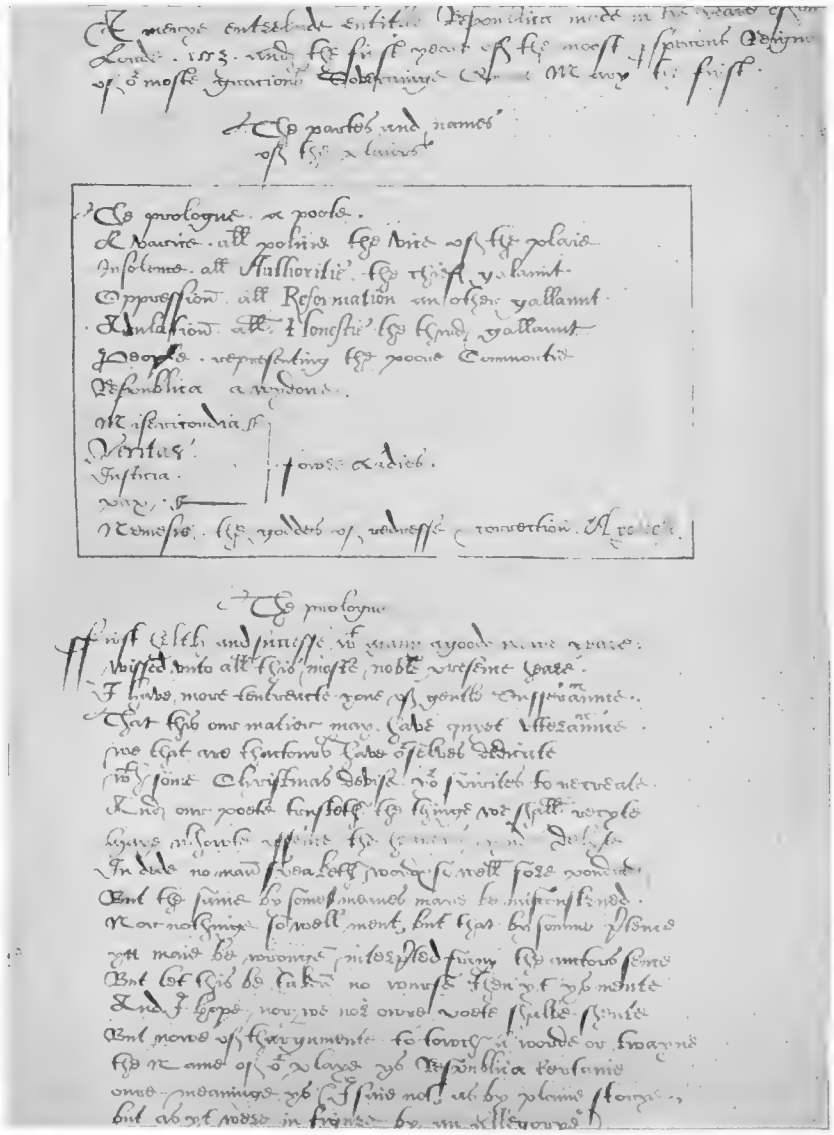
The forthcoming sale of books and manuscripts at Sotheby's is sure to attract unusual attention, and particular interest is likely to be centred on the play MS. illustrated on the right-hand side of this page. Apart from the fact that no less an authority than L. A. Magnus has suggested the distinct possibility that it is the work of Nicholas Udall of Ralph Roister Doister fame, a headmaster of Eton and the playwriter to Queen Mary, it also assumes importance in that it is the only example recorded of an English drama on the religious controversy written from the Catholic as opposed to the Protestant standpoint.

The theme of the play is that the realm of England (Respublica) has been laid waste by Avarice, Flattery, Oppression and Insolence. Under the leadership of Avarice they decide to extend their ravages, and in order to gain the confidence of Respublica change their names, Insolence becoming Authority, Oppression becoming Reformation, Adulation becoming Honesty, and Avarice becoming Policy. They have no difficulty in deceiving Respublica, who is described by Mr. Magnus as a somewhat wearisome figure always lamenting, and stupidly pious. A clown, however, named People, who speaks west country dialect, is suspicious of Respublica's counsellors, but eventually submits to them. In the third Act the Vices re-assemble and gloat over their gains, Oppression (Reformation) being jeered at for having secured only a pittance of £300 a year, though this was a large sum in those days. In the fourth Act the discontent of the clown, People, grows, but Respublica eventually accepts the excuses of her counsellors, and it is not until the fifth Act that they are overthrown, when various Virtues appear and expose the Vices, Nemesis finally dispensing justice. The play ends with prayer and praise of the Queen—

"Now leat vs all togither, bothe with harte & voice |
In God and in Quene Marie mooste ioyfullie reioyce.
Praying that hir Reigne mooste graciouslye begonne,
(Maie) Long yeares endure as hithertoo yt hath doone.
Praie wee forre hir Counsaile to have long life & healthe,
Theire soveraigne to serve. And to Mainteine Comonwealthe.
Amen.

"The partes and names of the plaiers" are given on the first page, as follows:

Avarice. all. [alias] Policie the vice of the plaie
Insolence. all. Authoritie the chief galaunt
Oppression. all. Reformation an other gallaunt.
Adulation. all. Honestie the third gallaunt.
People. representing the poore Commontie.
Nemesis. the goddes of redresse and correction. A goddesse."



SIXTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA: This manuscript, which is also to be auctioned at Sotheby's, contains part of the text of an interlude or play entitled *Respublica* and written in 1553, possibly by the author of *Ralph Roister Doister*, the earliest known English comedy. It was at one time in the collection of Sir Henry Spelman

THE BENNETS: Dorothy Hyson as the beautiful, tender-hearted Jane, Celia Johnson as practical, independent Elizabeth, and Barbara Everest as their mother in the dramatised version of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, which has come to the St. James's after enjoying a considerable success in America. *On right*—Papa (played to perfection by Athole Stuart) comforts Elizabeth

CURRENT DRAMA

The New Charlot Revue Provides Bright Entertainment : "Falstaff" at Sadler's Wells— A Masterpiece of Efficiency

Reviewed by Philip Page

THE new Charlot revue, *The Town Talks*, is a good one, even if it is hardly likely to set the whole town talking. It will, however, set a sufficient portion of the town walking, motoring, taxi-ing, bus-ing, and possibly cycling to the Vaudeville to result in financial success, and certainly to pay off a not very costly production, for lavishness is not the strong suit here.

There was a time when almost every revue was largely occupied with burlesques of current plays. The process was overdone, and there was a merciful reaction dictated by the realisation that the members of no profession, least of all the theatrical profession, can live by for ever taking in each other's washing.

The fashion seems to have swung round again. This revue has some clever potted plays; they are indeed its best feature. Mr. Arthur Riscoe is actually not in the least like Sir Cedric Hardwicke; sprawling on a bed in black pyjamas and Lyrical vein, he manages to look, and occasionally to speak, like him and to be very funny about it. But then, Mr. Riscoe is always funny, and he runs away with this show as surely and as fantastically as the dish ran away with the spoon. He even makes that hoary device, the padded operatic heroine, more than passable, also the silent election speech (another favourite stand-by), and the impersonation of a girl guide. For this last effort I can find no higher praise than to compare it with that of Mr. G. S. Melvin.

Never before had I seen Miss Marie Tempest burlesqued. I can imagine only one greater joy than Miss Gertrude Musgrove's daring but successful attempt—and that would be to sit beside the original during the process, and, as it were, to listen in.

June appears as La Bergner and also as a film-prodigy, in which the distinction between her own voice and that of the prodigy is not, possibly, sufficiently evident for the touch of exaggeration so essential to any burlesque. In her songs and scenes June's attraction lies in the sweetly-prettily-pathetic, and very sweet and pretty and pathetic she most consistently manages to be. She is, as ever, a dainty dancer, and her little ballet in a hat-shop is one of the best items. The ballet is a happy contrast to the sketches, which, as almost invariably happens nowadays in revues both better and worse than this, are of imbecile feebleness.

There are rather too many beds. Mr. Riscoe goes to bed in a nursing home, in an uncomfortable country house, and for the purpose of being tormented by a nightmare lobster. We see June in bed and, finally, the whole strength of the company did positively appear in bed. As I was watching the show between midnight and 3 a.m. I occasionally yearned for my own bed. But, on the whole, this pleasant little revue is far from sleep-compelling, and among further contributors to that desirable state I should not omit to mention Mr. Donald Stewart, who has an American accent, a good singing voice, and a most pleasant personality, Miss Phyllis Stanley, who is tall, divinely fair, and possessed of a divine sense of fun, Mr. George Benson, and Miss Rosalie Corneille.

"Falstaff."—After hearing *Falstaff* at Sadler's Wells anyone who continues to regard operatic productions at this theatre as a sort of "Paddy, the next best thing" is a snob or a fool or both. This production is in itself a masterpiece of efficiency, and frequently more than efficiency.

We can, I think, dispense with the very-good-considering-the-circumstances attitude, though that does not alter the fact that the circumstances are probably difficult. In the operatic world, whether that is the world of Bow Street or of Rosebery Avenue, they always are. Moreover, *Falstaff* is an extremely difficult opera. It is also extremely beautiful. That it has never been so popular as many other operas by Verdi is usually explained by the suggestion that it is a "musician's opera" and lacks the broad, ear-tickling tunes of *Rigoletto* and *Aïda*. Since the public is alleged to be growing more musical, the attraction of *Falstaff* is therefore likely to increase.

It is a masterpiece of ingenuity and exquisite loveliness, and its high spirits and musical vitality are not only amazing for a man of eighty—which was Verdi's age when he wrote it—but for a composer of half or even quarter that age.

The Wells production simply defies the captious to find a weak spot—and I have no intention of being captious. Mr. Arnold Matters as Falstaff showed that he is a good singer, a good actor, and a good comedian. "A goodly man, i'faith, and a corpulent." If the power of his voice did not quite stay the course, there was not a moment when he was not singing well and his personality dominated everything and everybody, as it should, to the very end. Admirable, too, were Miss Gladys Parr (Dame Quickly) and Miss Joan Cross (Ann Page); and in Mr. Redvers Llewellyn, Mr. Powell Lloyd, Mr. Roderick Lloyd and Mr. Morgan Jones (Ford, Bardolph, Pistol, and Fenton respectively) I could detect no flaw "whateffer." Mr. Warwick Braithwaite conducted and the ease and merriment with which the whole entertainment, I use the word advisedly though it is not one which can often be applied to opera anywhere, proceeded were a proof of his control and ability generally.

Mr. Proctor Gregg has provided a useful, singable, and sensible translation. The position is a little complicated, since he has had the task of putting into English again an Italian libretto which Boito founded, very ably, on *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry IV* (Part I) combined. He has succeeded. But for the opening words of the mighty fugue which forms the finale I prefer "Jesting is man's vocation," an earlier translation of "Tutto nel mondo è burla," to his "Life is a stage, we're on it." Not an important point of course, amid so much excellence.

"European Soirée."—When Mr. Sam Weller was invited by the footmen of Bath to a "swarry" consisting of "a biled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings," he had, it will be remembered, an enjoyable evening, after some preliminary skirmishing. Certainly a more enjoyable evening than I had last week at the Duke of York's Theatre on the occasion of the performance—and, as it turned out, the sole performance—of *European Soirée*, a one-woman revue, with Miss Fay Marbe as the one woman. There was rather too much skirmishing and, unfortunately, without the presence of Mr. Weller.

This "swarry" had its "usual trimmings"—in the form of an efficient jazz band and a couple of slick pianists. But the main item on the menu did not come up to expectations—though I would be hard put to it to say what I expected. My only reason for referring to an unfortunate

"IN VAIN HAVE I STRUGGLED. IT WILL NOT DO. MY FEELINGS WILL NOT BE REPRESSED. YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU HOW ARDENTLY I ADMIRE AND LOVE YOU": Mr. Darcy (Hugh Williams) makes his proposal of marriage to Elizabeth Bennet (Celia Johnson), which, somewhat to his surprise, is immediately rejected. One of many dramatic moments in *Pride and Prejudice* at the St. James's Theatre

episode, now over and, I hope, soon to be forgiven and forgotten, is Miss Marbe's reported statement that her "swarry" came to an abrupt end because its critics refused to find any merit in it. Not even a critic can be blamed for refusing to find something that does not exist.

"Rhodes of Africa."—When far back in the days of good Queen Victoria a rather pugnacious little boy was born and educated in the Hertfordshire town of Bishop's Stortford, no one, surely, can have prophesied Empire-building as his mission in life and a chunk of Africa labelled Rhodesia. Yet it happened. As for the prospect of the Rhodesian features (or near offer) being flashed on screens, to move and to talk, all over the civilised world, the thing was, of course, undreamed of.

Probably young Cecil Rhodes messed about with a magic lantern, with other Bishop's Stortfordians of the same vintage—but that was as far as anything approaching the cinema meant one hoot in his busy life.

The film, *Rhodes of Africa*, is a clever and exciting piece of work, carried out conscientiously and well. It should be enthusiastically received in all parts of the "far-flung" British Empire, and undoubtedly in Bishop's Stortford (which seems just as far-flung if one has to motor there, via Epping Forest, on a foggy winter's night).

Cecil Rhodes I never saw, but from his photographs, Mr. Walter Huston who plays the title-role, does not to say the least of it resemble him closely. That is not his fault and his performance is to be commended. During the South African War I was a schoolboy and we boys used to wear button-hole portraits of the English generals—Sir George White, Redvers Buller, Methuen, French, and, of course "B.P.", who must be the sole survivor. (Did schoolboys during the great war do the same thing? I think not.)

We also, being ungallant little brats, used to repeat rude rhymes about Paul Kruger, with whose odd features we were very familiar. Bar the beard, Mr. Oscar Homolka seemed about as much like Kruger as I am. But, again, a good performance.

This is a film which will have to be seen, not necessarily as a matter of duty but for sound entertainment. Few, if any, liberties are taken with history.

AN AMBITIOUS PRODUCTION: Mistress Ford (Marjorie Parry), Mistress Quickly (Gladys Parr) and Mistress Page (Edith Coates) in Verdi's *Falstaff*, perhaps the most subtle and witty of the nineteenth-century comic operas, which was accorded a most enthusiastic reception by a crowded house when produced for the first time at Sadler's Wells. The costumes and scenery are the work of Bagnall Harris, Leslie Young, and Betty Dyson; Warwick Braithwaite conducts, and Sumner Austin is the producer

GENEROUS GESTURE: This talented American, who has taken the name of La Meri, has been delighting audiences at the Savoy Theatre during her short season of "Dances of All Races" given in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. "Technically she is a lovely dancer," writes Philip Page, "The Sphere's" dramatic critic. "She has a most expressive face, beautiful limbs, and a sense of character"

"The Master Builder."—At the Criterion Theatre the Ibsen "goes round and round and round." If it is not non-stop Scandinavian Drama in the Windmill sense, the best of the plays are being trotted out regularly and punctually, to, in part, a generation which probably knows them not otherwise than in the armchair.

The Master Builder is the most difficult of the revivals so far. Not so wild as *The Wild Duck* (which, I trust, is among those to come) but sufficiently elusive to be a problem. We are rarely certain whether we are in the world of fantasy or the world of reality, and even the real is here fantastic.

One character it is possible to hold on to, that of Solness, partly because Ibsen wrote it that way, and partly because Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, who is the sheet-anchor of the whole season, plays the part with convincing power. I have had something to say before about Mr. Clarke-Smith's unfailingly admirable performances in any and every rôle he undertakes.

Madame Lydia Lopokova's Hilda Wangel is a courageous triumph over circumstances. Not quite a triumph, perhaps, for defects are there and they are obvious. But all of them spring from the very nature of things—the part not suiting her physically and the impossibility of concealing the fact that she is a Russian acting in a language which is not her own and in which, in spite of her considerable experience she is still far from fluent.

Royal Philharmonic Society.—The concert season in London — the season, that is to say, of symphony concerts on a large scale as opposed to recitals—is within sight of its close. Why it should be considered by such of the musical authorities as are responsible for the arrangement that after Easter music-lovers in England are in a fit state to listen to opera but not to symphonies has long been a mystery to me, and its solution seems as far off as ever.

Meanwhile, the veteran Royal Philharmonic Society (founded when England was fighting Napoleon, and still fighting for its existence) is winding up its own season in grand style.

Sir Thomas Beecham, returned from America with undiminished vigour, started off last week's programme with a characteristically electric performance of the *Der Freischutz* overture. Sir Thomas likes *Der Freischutz*, and included that odd opera in a recent season at Covent Garden. So long as he has the overture played, and lets it go at that, I shall not worry.

Delius's beautiful — though long and vague— *Song of the High Hills* followed a Haydn symphony; the "song" part was provided by the newly-formed Royal Opera Amateur Chorus, who did well, so far as it is possible to judge from the meagre, though effective, contribution Delius here allows them.

On Left—"DUSTY ERMINE": Leonora Corbett, who gives a pleasing performance in Neil Grant's play, which recently began its run at the Comedy

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Entertaining Reminiscences of a Veteran Sporting Journalist

I SUPPOSE it is inevitable that the hunting passages in **ENGLAND HAVE MY BONES** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) will be compared with Surtees and Sassoon, though to me that was not the important part of his book, or the most arresting.

The form which Mr. T. H. White has chosen, if anything as spontaneous and intimate can be as deliberately limited, is that of a year's diary, the diary of a countryman. He lives in one of the shires; he hunts, shoots, learns to fly, fishes, and collects grass snakes. In fact it was when I was reading the pages about these creatures that I first began to realise the outstanding quality of Mr. White's writing, and the quality, better still, of his penetrating observations.

"Grass snakes are fascinating pets. It is impossible to impose upon them, or to steal their affections, or to degrade either party in any way. They are always inevitably themselves, and with a separate silurian beauty. The plates of the jaw are fixed in an antediluvian irony. They move in silence . . . they are inquisitive. . . . It is nice to come into the room and look quickly round it, to see what they are doing. Perhaps there is one behind Aldous Huxley on the bookshelves, and it is always worth moving the left-hand settle away from the wall."

Later he writes: "It is only that they are nice. Nice to see the strange wild things loose, living their ancient unpredictable lives with such grace."

He has written about the things which he enjoys doing, and it is that feeling of zest and the straightforwardness that give the book its power. There is an economy of words, but it is a skilful one and not that tiresome affectation of the monosyllabic which has become such a menace. Best of all there is a natural simplicity which, with his power for enjoyment, seems to be Mr. White's particular genius.

I have found this week a fortunate one in reading, and part of my good luck has been **OIL PAINT AND GREASE PAINT** (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 21s.), the best guinea's worth of any sort that I have met for a long time.

The life story of Dame Laura Knight was bound to make exciting reading, if it were only a bare record of the difficulties she has surmounted and the triumphs she has earned, but when it is the painter herself who writes the story, the book becomes an event.

And what an entertaining book it is. Dame Laura writes with directness and an unforced friendliness, and she has set down the record of her life to the present day so simply and yet so intimately that one is charmed into a special kind of appreciation, even affection.

"I was not, as most people think, born in a circus, suckled by an elephant; neither was I a Risley kid, to be tossed on the feet of an acrobat," declares the author in her opening chapter. Actually, Dame Laura spent her childhood in Nottingham brought up by her mother who had studied at an art school and later on in Paris, and by her relatives who were in the lace trade in England and France. Harold Knight, whom she knew intimately all her life and was later destined to marry, lived close by, and his enchanting portrait of her at the age of fourteen is the frontispiece of the present book.

At Staithes on the bleak Yorkshire coast Laura Knight stayed year after year to work and to experiment. "It was there I found myself," she writes, "and what I might do." The life there was very hard. Both she and her sister were poor, and no one in their immediate circle had enough money to help them, but they were happy, painting and living the rough life of their friends the fishermen. Sometimes in summer they would tramp across the moors, and put up at lonely farmhouses, where "Coom thea ways in," would be the greeting, and where food and shelter were always given as the traveller's right without any question of payment.

Some of the best stories Dame Laura has to tell are of her Yorkshire friends, and of the nights when the sea "got wildified," and everyone gathered on the quay to wait for the cobles to come back from the fishing grounds. "Everyone on the quay shouted and cheered. 'Hooroaring 'em in,' it was called. Men cried like children; all the shopkeepers had left their shops untended to see the excitement, even the big red-faced butcher was there, tears pouring out of his eyes as he joined in the yelling."

After their marriage the Knights gave joint exhibitions of their paintings, which foreshadowed their later success, but were not particularly lucrative. In 1908 they moved to Cornwall, to join the colony of artists already established there. "One day Harold and I were returning from a visit to Lamorna. Just by old Frankie Pollard's gate was a noisy group; the centre of it, a stranger to us, was a young man with pale face and light brown hair combed forward, who might have sat for a

ADELAIDE OF SAVOY, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY: A portrait from the dust-cover of Henri Carré's biography, *The King's Darling*, which has recently been published by The Bodley Head and was reviewed in "The Sphere" last week by Vernon Fane. When the little Duchess was brought to Paris at the age of eleven to marry the grandson of Louis XIV, the old king took an immediate fancy to her and allowed her undreamt of liberties

Bobbie Burns portrait. His fine figure was clad in a shepherd's plaid suit, the trousers were close-fitting, belling out at the foot. He was A. J. Munnings."

London became their headquarters in 1919, and there Laura Knight would sit for hours in the wings of the Coliseum stage, watching and sketching the dancers of Diaghileff's ballet. After that Olympia and the circus became her field, and the fascination

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

of that strange and separate life appealed to her artist's perceptions more and more.

There are endless anecdotes, nearly all of them worth repeating, but I particularly liked Augustus John's greeting at one of the Royal Garden Parties. "Striding across the lawn, clad neither in morning coat nor top hat. 'Hullo do you often come here?' he said."

The reproductions of Dame Laura's pictures are magnificent. There are nearly fifty of them, and they seem to illustrate the artist's own words, "Painting, music, ballet, theatre, circus, art and physical skill what joy to project oneself in each, to feel the daring of the acrobat, the control of the artist, in understanding and sympathy to live many lives in one."

"This is not lawn tennis: it is a barrage: he ought to be a gunman," said an American after he had watched Perry wiping one of his countrymen off the centre court at Wimbledon. That is as apt a comment on the present champion's play as one could hear, and it is just one of the amusing anecdotes in Mr. B. Bennison's book **GIANTS ON PARADE** (Rich and Cowan. 10s. 6d.).

DESERTING FICTION FOR THE FIRST TIME: John North, who in *Gallipoli—the Fading Vision* (Faber and Faber) attempts to interpret the famous campaign through the perspective of time as "one of the supreme dramatic crises of history." The author has a long list of novels to his credit but this is his initial work as an historian

Hermann Wendel's Estimate of Danton, the Idol of the Paris Mob

Mr. Bennison was for years the Sports Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and his reminiscences cover as wide a field of athletics as one can imagine, in boxing, cricket, tennis, football, rugger, golf, hurdling, flying, and even Channel swimming. It would take someone a good deal more strong-minded than I am to resist quoting from this likeable book. Here is a little story which I think should appeal particularly to anyone who knows sporting journalists, and seems funny enough on its own merits for everybody's taste.

"'Do you think,' I once asked a hard-bitten member of the old brigade, 'that you could do a nice little paragraph about a real tennis match?'

'I am your man,' he declared."

And this is what he deposited on the sub-editor's table: "Tennis is an old game. It was played by no less a personage than the late-lamented Cardinal Wolsey. The match took place at ——. Scores, ——." Mr. Bennison's comment explains the almost inspired brevity of the paragraph. "I never forgave myself for not remembering that his speciality was rabbit coursing."

The stories that charmed me most though, were about those redoubtable and, it has always seemed to me, eccentric men whose claim to fame was swimming the Channel. There was Haggerty who, when asked about his chances, pointed to the French coast and replied, "I'm there already. It's nowt, yon distance." And there was Burgess, who was cheered on his way by one of the reporters in the accompanying tug singing the overture to *Pagliacci* to him.

When a book opens with a beautiful woman swimming out in the dead of night to a yacht anchored in one of the Antibes bays, and when that woman is a princess, and literally, as it happens, dripping with emeralds, then I know what to expect, and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is not the man to disappoint me.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), his latest book, has what Mrs. Beeton would call "all the correct ingredients." There are men who gamble with inscrutable faces, dark, passionate dancers who drive men mad with their magic, French Foreign Ministers in powerful motor-boats, exquisite young Frenchwomen with boyish figures and affectionate natures, and honest American youths with humorous gleams of understanding in their eyes.

The stage, as Mr. Phillips Oppenheim himself would say, is perfectly appointed, and the action is immediate and dramatic. Off the coast of the South of France, since most of the best scenes take place in or on the water, a great political drama is played between the lovers of France and the disarmingly theatrical supporters of Communism. As I had expected and hoped, three lovely women are the principal figures of the drama, and whether they throw bombs or dive gracefully off sailing boats or harangue the commanders of gunboats, they are all in the purest Oppenheim tradition.

And a very good tradition that is.

In a time when world politics seem to be swinging precariously between defiant dictatorships and dithering democracies a new study of **DANTON** (Constable. 15s.) seems peculiarly apposite, especially as Mr. Hermann Wendel's biography bears the subtitle "Dictator of French Revolution."

Of all the revolutionary leaders Danton's has been the most disputed career. For some historians he embodied the very essence of the revolutionary spirit, attacking aristocrat and bourgeois alike in his purifying zeal; to others he was little more than a roaring demagogue of loose morals, of no integrity, even stooping from triumphant heights to petty peculation. Mr. Wendel declares himself frankly a pro-Dantonian, and it must be admitted that he makes a very good case for his subject.

He makes no attempt to prove that this large-headed idol of the Paris mob was gifted with a saintlike character either in his public or his private life, yet he does make of his hero a man who displayed the human quality of devotion in his domestic affairs; a man whose nature rebelled against the bloody excesses of the Terror, and who was in consequence doomed by the very forces which he had created.

Although the author is at pains to document his story and to sift every item of evidence rather meticulously, he writes with a broad perception of the human problems and not without humour. His conclusions may continue to be debated by the historians which reminds me of a Cambridge tag, "The beauty of history is that it requires no thought," but for the ordinary reader he presents a biography that is both extremely readable and stimulating.

Follow the Sun

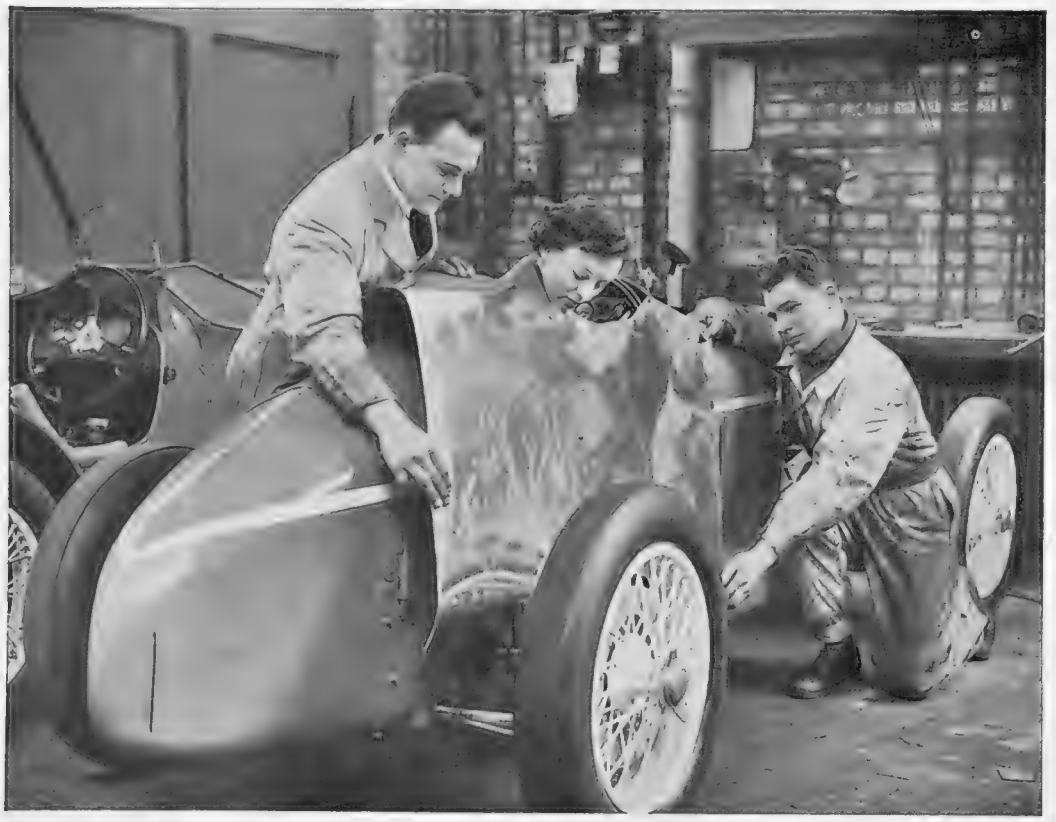
Here's a grand steamer coat that would look equally well ashore—an important consideration when one does not want to be overburdened with luggage. It is in white hand-woven Connemara tweed, half belted, with big patch pockets, and it can be fastened close at the neck. This type of coat, in all sorts of tweeds, is made by Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W., from seven-and-a-half guineas

The beach dress on the extreme left at the foot of this page has exactly the same qualifications. Worn with its little bolero coat with its full short sleeves, it is laudably decorous. But when this is removed, it is very gay. In natural shantung, it is backless, with stitched shoulder straps and a belt in navy or brown. The adjustable wrap skirt has an inverted pleat at the front, and the complete outfit costs five guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

The evening frocks one packs for a cruise must necessarily be uncrushable and effective without needing constant attention. The dress photographed below is excellent from every point of view. Made in uncrushable crêpe, it is boldly striped in four tones of green (or red), grey, and white, with a velvet belt, and a pewter clip holding down the soft folds at the front of the corsage. It costs five-and-a-half guineas at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

ST GEORGE COMES TO ST. JOHN'S WOOD: Scaffolding erected round the pedestal of the statue of St. George and the Dragon, by Mr. Leonard Hartwell, the well-known sculptor and Royal Academician, to be set up in the centre of the new traffic roundabout outside Lord's cricket ground and St. John's Church

MOTORING IN THE I.O.W.: A typical stretch of the Isle of Wight's new coastal road, extending for twenty miles along the southern shores from Shanklin to Freshwater. It affords excellent views of the Channel



SPEED QUEENS MEET SPEED KINGS: Miss Doreen Evans seated in her M.G. as mechanics fitted a new streamlined sheathing. She is one of Britain's crack women drivers and, now that the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club has lifted its sex ban, will be able to compete with the men at all the Club's meetings. Women are also permitted at last to take part in the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy contest on the Ards Circuit, Belfast. The 1936 racing season started last Saturday, and from now on scarcely a week-end will pass without some important race taking place in this country or abroad. The sport in England appears to be definitely gaining in popularity although, as Mr. Percy Bradley has pointed out in "The Sphere," we have a long way to go yet before we can say we are on a level in this respect with our neighbours across the Channel

Mainly for MOTORISTS

Some Notable Innovations

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION: Milkmen employed by a dairy at Tolworth, Surrey, have been issued with safety belts, consisting of a wide waistband with two red reflectors inserted in the back to catch motor car lights during the early round when it is still dark

"CINESURE"! Mme Simone Jarnac posing for a film record in the Place de la Concorde before starting out from Paris on a recent Ladies Automobile Rally

PSYCHOLOGICAL BUT SAFE: A visitor trying her skill at the wheel of a car so arranged in a room that it appears to be moving forward through real landscape. One of the wonders of the exhibition which was recently opened at Grosvenor House, and is intended to demonstrate the application of psychological methods to such questions as road safety

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LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT FOREST

(Continued from page 487)

wrinkled, toothless little gnomes, and headed by a fattish pygmy of about forty, dressed up in his own copper-coloured skin, several complicated black paintings, a piece of bark cloth in function as sideless bathing trunks and a round straw hat three sizes too small but crowned, as a compensation, with plenty of red and blue feathers, bringing the height of the little man to a total of perhaps 4 ft. 5 ins.

To show their friendly intentions, the five pygmies had covered the large points of their stout spears with a sort of hood made of interwoven leaves. For the same purpose, I at once uncovered the few treasures I had with me—a last package of cigarettes and a pouch containing some kitchen salt. On such a basis the *entente cordiale* was soon established, in fact, as soon as the Chief Tshumbanzi and his ancient counsellors had devoured all the salt, and I had lit for them a cigarette apiece—with my lighter, of course.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEEDY: Some of the 350 poor people of Nicosia, many of them Turks and Armenians, at the dinner provided for them by the Cyprus Civil Service Association in memory of King George. It was held in one of the theatres, and a number of local notabilities appeared in the Royal Box during the repast

The thick crowd which had gathered at a safe distance to watch the palaver (and anxiously to share—with the eyes at least—the banquet of salt) dissolved instantly when I got up from my chair to follow the important little man on an official visit to his village. I made it as short and unobtrusive as possible, and I did so again the following day, letting instead the pygmies come as often and for as long as they liked, to peep about my camp.

By the fourth day, all the pygmies of the tribe knew me well, had eaten my salt and smoked my tobacco, had enjoyed my lighter and my little jokes, had dared to look in my field glasses and in my reflex camera, and, as I said before, unanimously called me *baba yangu*. Both the Tshumbanzi pygmies and I knew that we had become good friends, liking and trusting each other.

During nine long expeditions in South, East, Central and North Africa, I have had the opportunity of observing natives belonging to hundreds of races, types, and tribes. But never have I met any so happy, carefree, healthy, strong, kind, and lovable as the Mambuti pygmies of the Epulu. In contrast to other pygmies—the Batwa of Northern Rhodesia and of Ruanda, and the Mambuti of the Kivu mountains and of the Ituri Forest itself—who for centuries have mixed with natives, and for many years have had contact with the whites, and have therefore been spoilt physically and morally, the pygmies of the Epulu still keep all the purity of their race, of their customs, traditions, and ceremonies. In other words, they still live the primitive, patriarchal life of their ancestors in another world than ours, in a world belonging to long lost epochs: the great primeval equatorial forest of prehistoric times.

For the pygmy, that forest is a wonderful store of game. Unbelievable are the quantities of normal and pygmy elephants, of pygmy buffaloes and pygmy antelopes, of wart-hogs and giant forest hogs, of okapis and bongos, which live there together with the whole family of carnivora which range from several incredibly tiny varieties to the huge leopard and the even more ferocious black leopard. All of these, as well as the multitude of birds, monkeys, lemurs, ant-eaters, rodents, snakes and lizards, mean for the pygmy good, abundant food; skins with which to make blankets, belts, head-dresses and bracelets; tendons to be transformed into strings for their bows; tusks and teeth to exchange for iron spear and arrow points; hearts, livers and hooves to be dried and pulverised and mixed into powerful poisons and medicines; bones with which to prepare them, and horns in which to preserve them.

But all these animals have huge ears, big eyes, sensitive noses to detect the enemy at great distances; have in their mimetic colouring extraordinary powers of concealment, and are extremely cunning in hiding.

Behind the seeming hopelessness of the spears of the pygmy, however, there is his astounding courage and patient perseverance, his instinct of direction and marvellous prowess in tracking, his intimate knowledge of the habits and the true nature of every animal of the forest, his striking physical resistance, and all the strategems that the simple minds of his ancestors, sharpened by the hard necessities of primitive life, have evolved and perfected during the centuries of their perennial fight with the forest and its inhabitants.

All his stout, muscular little body decorated with black, white, and red paintings which give him a perfect mimesis with the colours that the sun obtains from the ground and the foliage of the forest, the pygmy faces without hesitation the greatest and most powerful of his enemies—the buffalo, the leopard, the elephant—and attacks them at close quarters with his strong, heavy spear. He knows of many hunters who have been wounded, badly mauled, instantly killed. But he trusts in Mongo, the god of hunters, and in the firmness of his own heart and thrust, and usually wins the unequal battle.

NAVAL NUPTIALS IN THE FAR EAST: Officers of H.M.S. *Cornwall* providing an archway of swords outside the Church of the Good Shepherd at Singapore as one of their colleagues, Lieutenant Robert Winter-Evans, left with his bride, Miss Helen Margaret Strumpf of Manila, Philippine Islands, after their wedding

The smallest of his prey the Mambuti gets with the loops he makes from thin lianas. Or, with the extraordinary skill of his arrows—light reeds twice the length and half the thickness of an ordinary pencil, with a leaf inserted in one end to keep the direction, and a reddish poisoned paste smeared on the sharp point—which can bring an instantaneous and infallible death at 200 ft. distance.

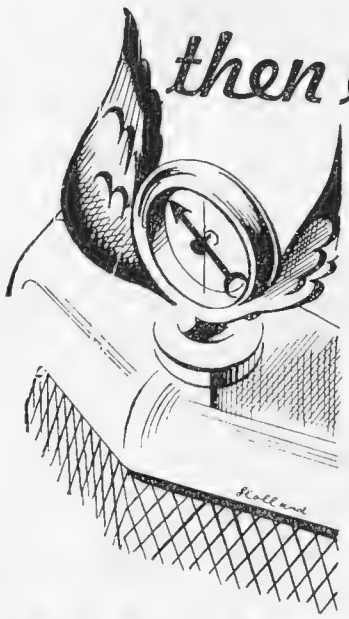
As a trap for the other, more cunning, shy and unapproachable animals, the pygmies prepare the same pit that the prehistoric

(Continued on page 512)

Pinking makes me boil!

BP ETHYL

then change to "BP" Ethyl



You can stop pinking, or knocking, by using "BP" Ethyl: the result will be better all round performance, especially in traffic and on hills. Pinking, or knocking, is not so much an evil in itself as a symptom, a warning that your engine is being starved: neglected it leads to immediate loss of power and eventually to overheating and breakdown.

'BP' ETHYL Banishes Pinking

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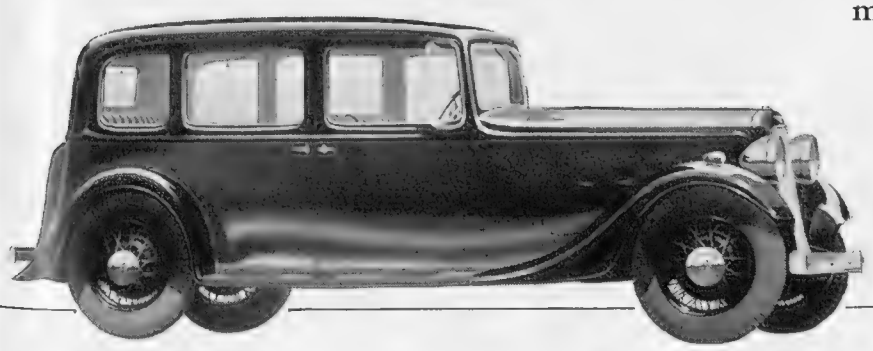
Do I want a good-looking car? Undoubtedly, but what constitutes good looks? I'd rather have a car whose lines people admired by a glance than one which they turned round to stare at. I want the spare wheel enclosed for ease of cleaning. And inside I want real, homely comfort—seats as near as possible to my favourite armchair, plenty of room for my head and legs, light and airiness and good, broad vision (I can't bear feeling 'boxed-up').

I'm afraid I'm not interested in the mechanical side. I'm an owner-driver not an owner-mechanic. Give me a car, therefore, that's fool-proof and weather-proof and time-proof and one that, by its unfailing dependability and low running costs, keeps me out of repair shops and cuts my garage bills down to the minimum.

I seem to be wanting a lot. But folk who've owned all sorts of makes tell me that there's only one car which is so up-to-date that it meets *all* my requirements—an Austin."



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LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT FOREST—(Continued from page 510)

hunters of all the world learned to excavate in the ground and to cover with sticks and leaves; but they have invented, also, a picturesque system of their own, the *mukila*.

From a forest tree, which I believe is still unknown to science, the Mambuti obtains huge quantities of long filaments, and with the carefree patience of people ignoring time, works them into a solid string, and then in a sort of thin, very strong net about 4 ft. high and as long, to use their own measurement, "as a hunter can carry." This is the *mukila*, and it can be used only when at least twenty or thirty others are ready.

The day when a *mukila* hunt has been decided upon, all the tribe follows the men who carry the heavy nets, tied up in long bandoliers, until one of the successive magic medicines prepared by the *sittani*, the witch doctor, advises him that the right place has been reached, and tells him in which direction the nets must be spread.

LONDON'S NEW CITY MARSHAL: Commander John Roberts Poland, R.N., seen here with his family at his Sevenoaks home, is the first naval officer ever to be appointed to this picturesque civic office and on April 1 he will assume his duties, which include riding in all processions in which the Lord Mayor takes part. He will draw a salary of £400 a year, rising to £500, and will have two uniforms, one red and the other blue with gold lace and epaulettes. Commander Poland, who is forty-two, joined the navy in 1905, and during the war was present at the battle of Jutland and later commanded H.M.S. *P. 58* in the Dover Patrol. For the past five years he has been publicity manager of Chatham Navy Week Committee, during which time the attendance at this annual display has increased from 65,000 to 89,000 people

While all the rest of the tribe follows the *sittani*, every man unfolds his *mukila*, attaches it very lightly to sticks and branches, and in a few minutes all the nets form one continuous barrage, several thousand feet long, almost invisible in the patches of strong light and dark shadow of the forest. Then the men disappear into the vegetation just behind the line of nets.

An hour or two may pass before the slightest human noise disturbs the silence of the forest. Suddenly, all the hidden pygmies firmly grasp their spears. Their keen ears have told them that the drive has begun. Men, women, and children, from far, far away advance in a semi-circular chain, shouting at the top of their lungs and beating the bushes with branches. While the terrific noise, which the sonority of the forest amplifies, approaches nearer and nearer, red, black, and whitish flashes dart out from the vegetation. It is all one can see of the frightened animals of every kind and size that run for their lives—see only too late the net, try to gallop through or jump over it, but remain entangled in it. For a short moment only, however, because a split-second is enough for the hidden pygmies to jump on the prey and kill it with their spears.

The first time such a hunt is followed, one's pleasure is quite handicapped by the fear of witnessing a wholesale slaughter. But the forest's Mongo does not protect the Mambuti alone. He has given to his human children such simple minds and impatient hungers, that all the Mambuti behind the *mukila* shout and run toward the first prey like so many madmen. So that the other inhabitants of the forest, the four-legged ones to whom Mongo has given the most cunning instinct, are instantly warned, and can see the net in time, jump over it, or run away through one of the gaps in the drive.

And the Mambuti, kind-hearted as they are, certainly do not keep any grudge against Mongo for the prey he has allowed to escape. For their powerful appetites there is always enough, what with one method of hunting and another. After the rich banquet that their wives have carefully prepared and completed with honey and cooked bananas, roots and seeds, they feel happy and strong and healthy. They know that the forest is still teeming, always will be teeming with game for them and their sons.

"Mongo, Mongo," the chief singer begins to intone in the middle of the clearing, in a circle of approving old men comfortably reclining on four forked branches—the ready-made deck chairs which the forest gives for the taking.

"Mongo, Mongo, we thank thee."

The old men pass around the calabash pipe, in which green leaves of tobacco burn, and think of the times when they, too, were mighty hunters and wonderful dancers. The chief singer with a stick of soft wood beats the measure against a hollow piece of hard timber. A few hunters join the group. One of them reaches for several little tom-toms and tries them with tentative thrusts of his palms.

From every hut grave, low, masculine voices, shrill feminine voices, sing "Mongo, Mongo!"

From every hut built against the dark-green wall of the forest, from every point of the sun-flooded clearing, tiny copper figures run toward the circle of the ancient ones.

"Mongo, Mongo, we thank thee," they all sing together in a perfect rhythm.

"Toc, toc, toc," says the stick of the chief singer; "Swish, swish," whisper other sticks cut into brooms at one end. "Clap, clap!" beat the hands of the women gathered under a tree at one side, their children slung on their backs or sides by strips of okapi skin. Old men blow on horns made of elephant tusks and in whistles of buffalo tails. And the master of the tom-toms with prodigious rapidity seems to reach at the same moment all his instruments.

All the hunters, now, in one long line, sing and gesticulate, run, stop, stoop to the ground, leap in the air, run again, attack an imaginary animal, are crushed to earth, resume the fight, win, shout their victory.

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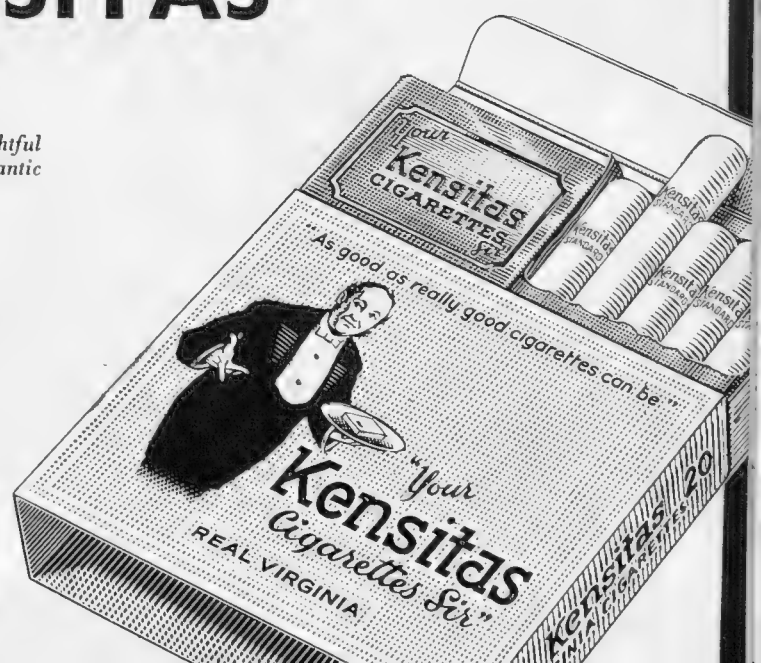

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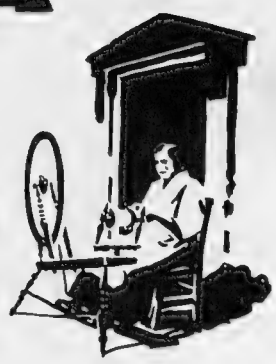

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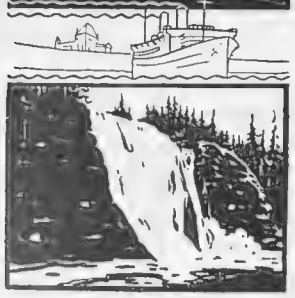

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LAND OR WATER?

The All-Important Choice of Where the Holiday Shall Be Spent — Cruising's Ever-Increasing Appeal

WHEN one is faced with an important choice, it is as well to consider again even a judgment already twice considered. To most people, deciding on a holiday means making an exceedingly important choice. It is not just your fortnight or three weeks or month of leisure that is at stake: there is also the long period of treasured anticipation at one end and an even longer period of satisfied recollection at the other. True, you get the treasured anticipation whether the holiday turns out a success or not—but how bitter it is, when you have looked forward to something very much, to find that it is far less enjoyable than you expected. And how bitter to reflect that you might be getting more fun for the same amount of money at home, or at any rate somewhere else.

And so to the question of choice between a sea holiday or a land holiday. It is becoming quite an old question, but it still requires answering, because although there are many people who now spend all their holidays afloat as a matter of course, and would just laugh if it were suggested that they should do anything else, there are others, so to speak, amphibian, with an unresolved liking both for sea and land, and others again to whom cruising is as yet an untried novelty.

FLOATING LIDO: The swimming pool and sun-bathing beach on board an up-to-date cruising liner

These last-mentioned may in some cases feel rather put off by all they hear about the organised jollity of life on board a cruising liner—the games, the competitions, the unfailing sociability of fellow passengers. To them especially, therefore, it should be made clear that a cruise can be whatever you want it to be; if you want to sit quietly in a deck chair in the sun you may be sure that you will be able to do so, and even should you choose an out-of-the-way corner, the deck steward may be relied upon not to forget to bring you your beef tea at 11 o'clock every morning. If, on the other hand, you want to take a lot of exercise, to play a lot of games there is a wide variety of ingenious ones at your disposal—deck-tennis, deck-quoits, shuffleboard, ping-pong, as well as swimming—while at tea-time and in the evenings there is generally dancing.

The next point to be remembered is that the standard of "service" on board a cruising liner is as a general rule extraordinarily high, equivalent to that of the very best hotels on shore; the steward always comes when you ring for him, the purser always seems able to answer the most abstruse questions about times of arrival and departure, the changing of money and so on, without even a moment's hesitation. One's wants are attentively listened to and intelligently catered for. This is no doubt part of the tradition which dates from the time when there was no such thing as cruising for pleasure, and the first-class passenger sections of mail boats were just used for conveying rich and important people from one part of the world to another, as their business or duty called them. Now-a-days, although one soon comes to look upon it as a matter of course, the assurance of good "service" is one of the major advantages of the cruising holiday, because it relieves one of a tremendous lot of conscious forgetting.

Another major advantage is good food. Of course, it would be absurd to assert that liner food is always better than land food, or anything like that, but it is fair to say that the question has been thoroughly well tackled by shipping companies, and that there is an astonishing variety in the menus offered. The only trouble is that there may occasionally come moments when one's appetite is not equal to them! It must also be remembered by people who on their holidays delight in discovering little restaurants in out of the way places, that shore excursions will give them plenty of opportunities to indulge this hobby.

But most of all, perhaps, should be emphasised the marvellously satisfactory feeling there is in going aboard a big ship (even if the one you have selected is really quite small, compared with the *Queen Mary*, it will look impressively large at first sight), and when you've been shown to your cabin, knowing you can unpack, that this is your *pied à terre* (so to speak) for the duration of the holiday. No worry about creased clothes, no sitting on suit cases to make them shut, while the one train of the day is steaming out of the station. From the moment you set foot on the gangway life becomes miraculously simple; watch the strip of water that divides you from the quayside widen as the ship moves out, the dropping and hauling in of ropes—it is all highly symbolic of your new found freedom, if you happen to be in the mood to regard it as such. And the first morning out of sight of land gives you a feeling that is worth remembering—a curious sense of romance, some faint shadow of what the early pioneers must have experienced when they left England behind them and turned their faces towards the unknown . . . not that many of the hardships of pioneering can be said to attach to present-day cruising.

That brings us to another point: boats which during the past few years have specially been designed for or adapted to pleasure cruising, have achieved standards of comfort hitherto unknown on the sea.

These, then, in brief, are the advantages that the cruising holiday has to offer: first of all, complete relaxation and a complete change, with no worries of any kind. Next, plenty of fresh air—the freshest, most invigorating air in the world—and good food. Next, the assurance of companionship and entertainment if you want them. And finally, the fascination of foreign scenes, the exciting glimpses of remote places, many of which one would probably not visit otherwise in the course of a whole lifetime. What brilliant new vistas cruising opens up: the Mediterranean, flanked on one side by sun-baked Africa, and on the other by some of Europe's fairest countries, and at its farthest extremity by lands whose cities bear such famous names as Istanbul and Jerusalem; the Atlantic Islands, Madeira and cloud-capped Teneriffe; the West Indies, which are so delightful a pleasure ground; the Scandinavian coasts, where summer days are long and a soft twilight lingers on far into the night . . . the land of the midnight sun; the jungles of the Amazon; the golden sands of Africa, they are all within reach of the modern cruising liner.

Richard Nowell

TAKING SOUNDINGS as the cruising liner approaches a port of call

GLIDING ACROSS SUNLIT WATERS: While the crew go about their daily routine, ever planning for the comfort and enjoyment of all on board, the passengers take their ease on the spacious deck which in this case has a covering of sand to suggest a beach

FIVE FINE SHIPS

1936
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Yes . . . and we shall go by P. & O. . . . for their cruising programme is always attractive. Five fine ships. A choice of twenty cruises. Norway. The Mediterranean. The Northern Capitals. Madeira. A cruise to suit practically every purse. You can travel first-class and remain first-class. Travel tourist and feel first-class . . . For whatever you pay you will have a first-class time if you cruise by

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S.S. VICEROY OF INDIA
20,000 tons.

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London and Leith to the Norwegian Fjords and Bergen.
July 31, 14 days - from 21 gns.
to the Northern Capitals.
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London to Atlantic Isles and Spain.
Aug. 29, 21 days - from 36 gns.
Southampton to Bosphorus, Grecian Archipelago and North Africa.

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1,000 MILES TOUR UP THE AMAZON

The HEART of BRAZIL
IN AN OCEAN LINER WITHOUT CHANGE OF SHIP

S.S. HILARY from Liverpool
JUNE 5 & AUG. 7 ALSO APRIL 9, OCT. 6 & DEC. 4
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To PORTUGAL-MADEIRA-BRAZIL
7 WEEKS £75, £80 & £85
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11, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the usual Agents

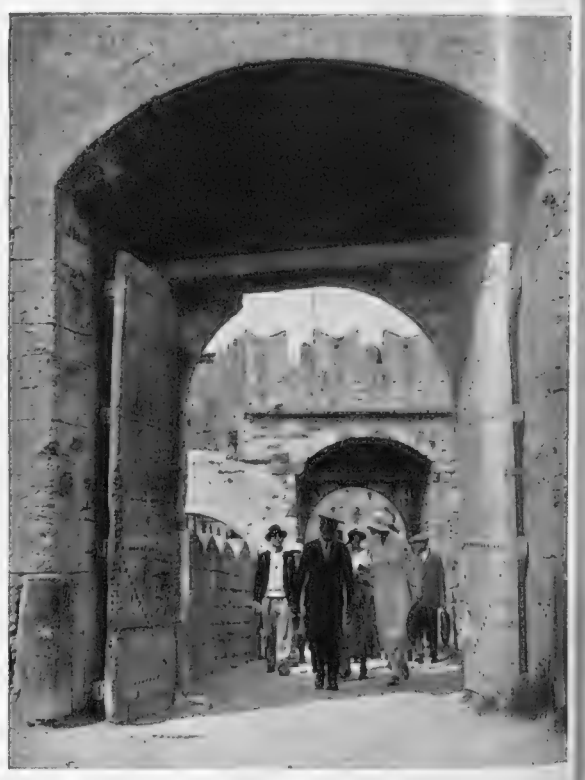
PLANS *for* CRUISES

BETWEEN the beginning of April and the end of September this year, some 200 pleasure cruises will take place, and the first twenty of these are scheduled for April. The most ambitious, without a doubt, is that of *Hilary*, off on one of her periodical journeys up the Amazon. She goes as far as Manaos, which is a thousand miles inland from Pará at the mouth of the river—a thousand miles through forests of Brazil. Manaos lies actually on the Rio Negro, close by its junction with the Amazon, and five days are spent there before the return journey begins.

A few days are also spent at Pará, both on the way out and coming back, and there is a useful arrangement by which passengers are enabled, if they so desire, to take their meals at the Grand Hotel as a change from having them on the ship, without any extra charge. This is a good opportunity of getting acquainted with Brazilian food at its best. The *Hilary* also visits Leixoes, the harbour of Oporto, Lisbon, and then Madeira, so that the tour is an extraordinarily varied one. It lasts seven weeks and the total distance covered is 12,000 miles. Only 1st class passengers are carried, and the fares are £75, £80, and £85. The *Hilary* leaves Liverpool on April 9.

GATEWAY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: Warships outside Gibraltar, a port of call of so many cruising liners

Another particularly attractive cruise, leaving on the same date, only from Southampton, is that of the Royal Mail liner *Atlantis*, which visits Ceuta, Phaleron Bay (close to Athens, which at this time of year is looking at its best), Gallipoli, with those two painfully remembered names Suvla Bay and Anzac Bay; then Istanbul, which is reached early in the morning of Monday, April 20. The boat cruises up the Bosphorus and returns, making a thirty-hour stay there before weighing anchor for the homeward journey. The next port of call is Malta, an interesting island historically, as well as on account of its importance as our chief naval base in the Mediterranean. Valetta harbour is a wonderful sight at night time, when the fleet is in, and there are some lovely old buildings flanking the Strada Reale, the former *auberges* of the Knights Templars. Finally, the *Atlantis* puts in to Lisbon for a day, before returning to Southampton, where she arrives on the morning of Saturday, May 2.



PICTURESQUE RHODES: A gateway in the fortifications of this Ægean isle, the history of which was bound up for over two centuries with the Knights Hospitallers

April 9, the Thursday before Good Friday, is the most popular starting date in the month, and the *Arandora Star*, too, is leaving on a Mediterranean cruise then which will include visits to Bizerta, Rhodes, Famagusta, Beirut, Haifa, Jaffa, Port Said, Alexandria, Philippeville, and Lisbon, a fascinating itinerary for anybody who really wants to see something of the eastern Mediterranean—and to see it under the most luxurious conditions possible. This cruise lasts for twenty-five days, and the fares are upwards of 44 guineas.

Also leaving on the 9th are those two popular cruising liners of the Lamport and Holt Company—the *Voltaire* and the *Vandyck*, one is going to the Atlantic Islands, the other to the Mediterranean. The *Voltaire* will visit Gibraltar, Casablanca (on the Moroccan coast, one of the most rapidly growing of French colonial seaports), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, and Lisbon. The *Vandyck* will visit Ceuta, at the entrance to the Mediterranean, on the African side, then Villefranche, from which all the famous Riviera resorts such as Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo are easily accessible, then Barcelona, the Catalan capital, which is one of the most stimulating cities in Europe, with its wide busy streets, its tall new buildings and its gay night life, then Palma (Majorca), and finally Lisbon. Fares on both of these cruises are from 24 guineas.

Another April cruise covering the Western Mediterranean is that of the 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Richmond*. This is a three weeks' cruise, starting from Southampton on the 4th and going to Lisbon, Algiers, Barcelona, Monaco, Tunis, Malaga and Vigo. It is from Malaga, of course, that the famous drive to Granada is made, and everybody agrees that this is one of the most exciting of all the many excursions that can be undertaken from ports of the Mediterranean. Incidentally, it is good news that Canadian Pacific boats of the

Two Hundred Varied Itineraries to Choose From for a Spring or Summer Holiday

Mont class (*Montcalm* and *Montclare*—16,400 tons each) will be operating on a number of short Mediterranean and Baltic cruises during the summer, and these will start at the beginning of May.

Other notable April cruises are those of the *Moldavia* (P. & O., 17,000 tons), leaving London on April 9 for Algiers, Cythian, Athens, Istanbul, Santorin, Malta, and Lisbon—a twenty-three days' cruise with fares from 23 guineas—and of the *Lancastria* (Cunard White Star, 17,000 tons), a "scholar's cruise," with reduced fares for children, leaving for the western Mediterranean on the same date.

So the summer season begins, and the programmes planned for each succeeding month show the same activity. The Orient Line have got a busy time on hand with their lovely *Orontes* and *Orion*, which during the summer will be cruising in the Mediterranean and going also to the Norwegian fjords. The *Orontes* leaves London on April 24 for a three weeks' Mediterranean cruise, the *Orion* for a somewhat similar one on May 2. The *Orion*, it will be remembered, only joined the Orient Line's fleet last summer, and made history as the most brilliantly-designed cruising liner yet afloat.

The Bibby Line is providing admirable facilities throughout the summer for visits to Gibraltar and Tangier, Palma, and also Marseilles, on tickets which are interchangeable, subject to any necessary price adjustments, with a number of other steamship lines. Return fares are £16, £20, and £21 respectively. The Bibby Line is also running some attractive tours to Egypt during the summer—twenty-six days at sea and six days in Cairo, for £40. And finally, starting in May, there is a series of "continental cruises," calling at Hamburg and Antwerp.

The Elder Dempster Line has also made special excursion arrangements for visits to the West African coast, allowing for a two months' stay there. There are two boats leaving in June—the *Apapa* on the 3rd and the *Adda* on the 17th, and three in July—for which the reduced tickets issued under this arrangement will be valid, and the opportunity of visiting these parts, until recently right off the beaten track as far as tourists are concerned, is likely to prove increasingly popular. The ports of call are Bathurst, Freetown, Monrovia, Takoradi, Accra, Lagos, Port Harcourt, and Calabar; places of extraordinary interest, fringing as they do what is perhaps the most fascinating of all the five continents.

Finally, there are the West Indies and Bermuda, delightful objectives for a summer cruise: Fyffes Line offers some very pleasant tours at reduced rates between May and September—£50, for instance, for going to Jamaica and back and stopping five days there at the Myrtle Bank Hotel; £55 if one spends the five days on an organised motor tour; £50, again, for the trip to Bermuda and an eleven days' stay in that delectable spot, one of the few remaining oases in the world where motor cars are unknown. There are two sailings to Jamaica during May, on the 7th and the 21st.

LEGACY OF GREECE: Tourists at the famous Temple of Apollo, Corinth

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4 will be promptly answered

SORRENTO BY THE SEA: The lovely resort that looks out on the placid waters of the Gulf of Naples, and is within easy motoring distance of Naples itself. Even in spring it is warm enough for bathing here

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FARES from £72 1st Saloon, £58 2nd Saloon

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LONDON TO LIVERPOOL VIA HAMBURG AND ANTWERP.

(Including third class rail Liverpool to Tilbury, or equivalent Ticket.)

Fares from 8 to 10 Guineas.

For further particulars apply to any local passenger agency, or

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enjoys the best position in **BATH.** It stands in its own beautiful grounds of nine acres. Hot and Cold Running Water. Luxurious Private Suites. Rooms, Doubles and Singles with Private Baths. En Pension Terms from 6 gns. per week.

Telephone: Bath 4224|5|6 (3 lines).
Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."
For Tariff apply to Manager.

GOLF COURSE WITHIN FOUR MINUTES OF THE HOTEL

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

FINEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT.

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

An Expanse of Polished Glass

looking upon the Ocean—such is the outside aspect of this citadel of fine living. Within—vistas of deep carpets and luxurious chairs. You may treat it as a mere dormy house—for there are three excellent golf courses within easy reach; on the other hand you may treat it as an academy where the pleasures of dining, sleeping and conversation are considered as a fine art and where the wine list will inspire the most exacting bon viveur.

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Illustrated brochure with inclusive terms upon application.

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Superbly situated on the tob of the East Cliff with glorious sunny views from all rooms. 4 golf courses, tennis, bowls, croquet, a renowned cuisine, and within easy reach of the entertainments of Bournemouth. Write to Mr. J. Millar, Resident Proprietor, for details

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Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

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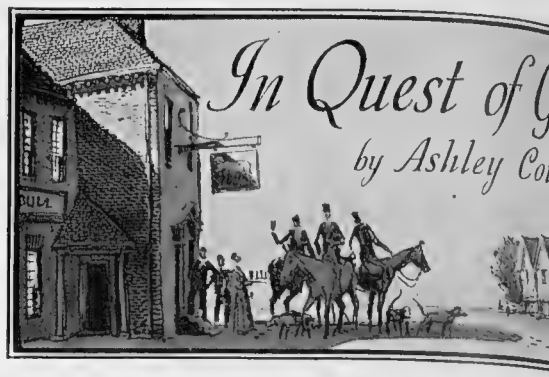

EASTER 1936 is almost upon us! And like its predecessors it should have its anticipations, its realisations, but, I hope, no disillusionments.

Three weeks ahead, each of us has an Easter holiday, to make, or to mar. Some, as usual, will go "to the same old place," for like Old Bill they do not know of "any better 'ole." Some, with that extraordinary herding instinct, will push, jostle and shove at railway termini, board boat-trains and brave cross-Channel elements and Customs.

But for me, and perhaps for you, away from the smoke and soot of Town, everything for clean air, clean surroundings, and a fresh egg!

The latter may savour rather absurdly of the simple life, but I know of an hotel which advertised a year or so back, prior to Easter, as follows, "Do you like a fresh egg? If so please reply to—" and the response was astounding.

But Easter also has its tragedies. This Easter, as in previous years, there will be on the Thursday night before, on Good Friday, and also on Saturday, the parable of the foolish virgins re-enacted. Hundreds of people searching for accommodation, all of which has long since been booked up. I know now of a large number of hotels which are already full up for Easter, and unless you are going to be content with second and third-rate accommodation no time should be lost in arriving at a definite answer to that hardy Easter annual, "Where shall we go this year?"

If I can help any of my readers to find the "right 'ole," and a good one too, because I recommend only those places which I know personally, I shall be delighted. But it is essential that you invoke my aid without delay for, apart from the fact that accommodation is more difficult to obtain as Easter draws nearer, there is always the possibility that I shall have to flee the country before Good Friday for fear of being buried alive from an avalanche of letters at the last moment asking me to perform the impossible.

May I again remind readers that enquiries must be as specific as possible; indicate the districts which you would most prefer; give some indication of the type of hotel and the price you are prepared to pay; specify what you would like to do on your holiday, as for example, whether you wish to play golf—or play at golf! (in confidence of course).

There is a wealth of mouth-watering places at which I would like to spend my Easter this year, but as I can choose only one, I shall enjoy the satisfaction of passing on some of my good things to others.

Maybe you would like to stay at an hotel where, from your bedroom window, the lights of the Isle of Wight twinkle "Good-night" to you when your bedside reading lamp has been put

A Good Address

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL
HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Garage adjacent. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

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If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Booklet. It will convince you in pictures . . . what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views . . . or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Terms from **5 Gns.** a week, May and June.
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Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—The Spa Hotel. 'Phone 4224-5.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 59
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.

out. Perhaps you would like an hotel somewhere along the range of the South Downs, which stretch from the other side of Midhurst to Eastbourne. What about an hotel at Hastings or St. Leonards?

Perhaps you have a fancy for Bath, an admirable place, for apart from taking its waters and exploring the Cotswolds, it is perhaps the home of good beds, for while I was at the Spa Hotel, Bath, last week I overheard a visitor saying to the manager "Excuse me, but would you please tell me where you get your marvellous beds, they are the most comfortable I have ever slept in?"

Tunbridge Wells is a place for which I always have a leaning at Easter-time. It is such an admirable centre for touring the Weald of Kent, Ashdown Forest and the Sussex seaboard; and the Eridge Point to Point Meeting, which is an annual Easter Monday event, is quite one of the nicest meetings I have attended.

Prior to Easter there will be a stream of cars on the roads westwards. The wise ones will go early and break their journey for a night at the Royal Clarence Hotel, Exeter, and I recommend them to make use of the "after 7" telephone service and have a shilling's-worth by ringing Exeter 4071 and booking their accommodation now.

North, west, and south of Exeter I could tell you of a dozen or more delectable Easter holiday centres. If you have a leaning for the Newquay district you should write to the Headland Hotel for their new book of photographic studies, which will tell you more than any words of mine of the delights of an Easter holiday there.

Then, too, there is Carlyon Bay, with a choice of several hotels and a Country Club which surely is the last word in perfection. Those who spend their Easters cramming as much exercise as possible into their brief holiday can swim, dance, play squash, badminton, tennis and golf to their heart's content.

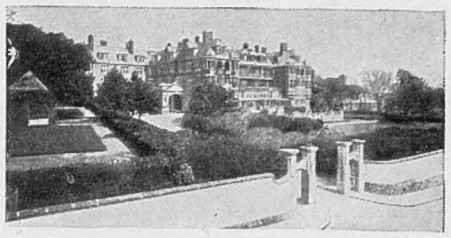
Nor must I forget, when talking of the West Country, Torquay, a lovely place at all times of the year. On this page you will find the announcements of several hotels, all personally known to me, and I can vouch for their good management and general comfort.

Perhaps, living in London, one is inclined to overlook the fact that there are people who come to spend their Easter in or near town. For those who prefer to be within half-an-hour of the West End there are a number of delightful residential hotels in London's outer belt, as for example Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, and Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, and though I have not actually visited them as yet, I have heard of other hotels at Gerrard's Cross, Waltham Cross, and at Aldenham in Hertfordshire.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.



Self-contained Suites
Billiards
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Southampton for instance?

Not only is Southampton a pivotal point for the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals and Portsmouth, but there is tucked away, yet in the centre of the city, one of the most comfortable hotels in the country. For over 80 years the Polygon has attracted those who appreciate that good food, comfortable beds, plenty of hot water and excellent service are the four essentials of a first-class hotel.

THE POLYGON HOTEL
SOUTHAMPTON

Those seeking spring and summer residence are invited to write to J. Dowland for further details. Tel.: Southampton 5061

Magnificently placed on the cliffs of Daddyhole Plain, world-famous for its quiet dignity and efficiency, it provides that delightful atmosphere of tone which embraces artistic surroundings and the connoisseur's need—**perfect service.**

THE TORQUAY HYDRO HOTEL

Special diets provided if required. Away from all traffic and noise and within easy distance of the Medical Swimming Baths. Hard Tennis Courts. Two excellent Golf Courses. **Fully Licensed.** *Garage.* *Telephone: 2207.*

The Spring Bulbs

hate being disturbed in their beds at Lincombe Hall, the garden Hotel of Torquay . . . just as the visitors do in theirs! Come and enjoy the Easter array.

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY

Five acres beautiful gardens. Comfortably appointed bedrooms and suites with hot and cold water, electric or gas fires. Modern garage: Hotel coach meeting all trains and at the disposal of visitors for shopping, cinemas, theatres, etc. Warm public rooms furnished with quiet distinction . . . and cooking which blends originality with the traditional use of only the best materials. Write to Mr. R. S. Paul for brochure and Easter Programme.

Pleasures at the Prince

are pleasures that make for health and happiness, the pleasures of activity, sport, relaxation and friendship. Southport's outside pleasures are legion . . . races, tournaments, festivals, flower shows, but the best show of all is at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

A choice of 7 golf courses. Dancing every Saturday night. Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for brochure and details of the very modest tariff. Telephone 4151

YOU WILL REMEMBER your visit to **ROSLIN HALL**—the comfort of cosy lounges—the delight of good food—the unobtrusive efficiency of the staff (truly)—we are a happy sea view hotel, even when it rains.

TORQUAY 4373

A thought for Easter

. . . or before . . . or after! Here, in this wonderfully central spot for exploring the Garden of Kent and the Downs of Sussex, 400 ft. up, facing the South and the sun . . . lies one of Britain's best known Hotels, standing in a private park of 60 acres with its own sporting golf course. Solid in its comfort, modern in its equipment and generous in its hospitality.

THE SPA HOTEL
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For details of suites of rooms, bedrooms with private bathrooms, or bedrooms with hot and cold water, write to S. T. Hancock, Resident Director. 'Phone: T'Wells 1911

COME TO THE SOUTH coast this Spring and enjoy a perfect holiday at the

ADELPHI HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

facing gardens and promenade . . . a first class Hotel with a remarkably modest tariff. Charming motor runs and every kind of sport and amusement. 100 rooms. H. & C. water, central heating. Large Garage. Ballroom. Write to Resident Proprietor.

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SLOANE STREET **LONDON**

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service. Fully licensed.

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HARROGATE
A very attractive hotel in the north. Close Baths, principal Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "M" on request.

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Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
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Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

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Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

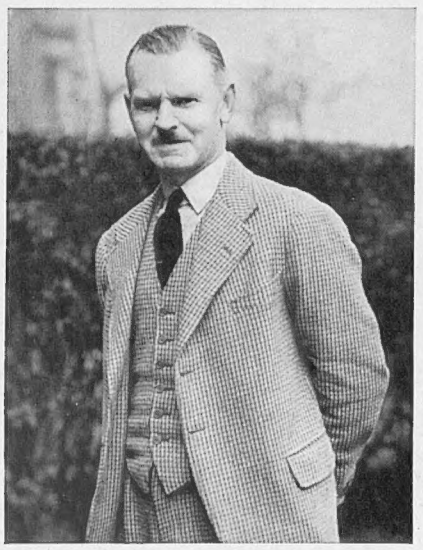
NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

A PIONEER VENTURE: Flying Officer David Llewellyn who recently made a flight from England to South Africa in a 35-h.p. Midget aeroplane, greeted by his wife on arrival at Croydon on his return by air-liner



THE M.C.C.'s NEW SECRETARY: Lieut.-Colonel B. S. Rait-Kerr, D.S.O., M.C., who is to succeed Mr. W. Findlay (retired)

L.S.D. OF THE FLOWER INDUSTRY

(Cont. from page 498)

to Weymouth, and over 1,000 tons of cut flowers arrive at Paddington between January 1 and May 6 from the mainland. As the average is 60,000 blooms to a ton the figures become almost astronomical.

Being of a highly perishable nature the flowers are conveyed by the railways in high-speed trains, as often as not by express passenger service. Last month over 30 tons of daffodils and other spring flowers were delivered at Covent Garden by the Great Western. Another 7 tons were taken to Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester. Almost every type of transport is used for the conveyance of flowers in the Channel Islands to the markets. For the blooms, having been picked while still in the bud and put in small baskets from which they are transferred to wheelbarrows or donkeys for conveyance to the packing sheds, are placed in jars of water for some hours before being carried down to the quay on motor-cars or horse-drawn vehicles. Here they are slung on board the steamer, after which they make the rest of the journey to London by train.

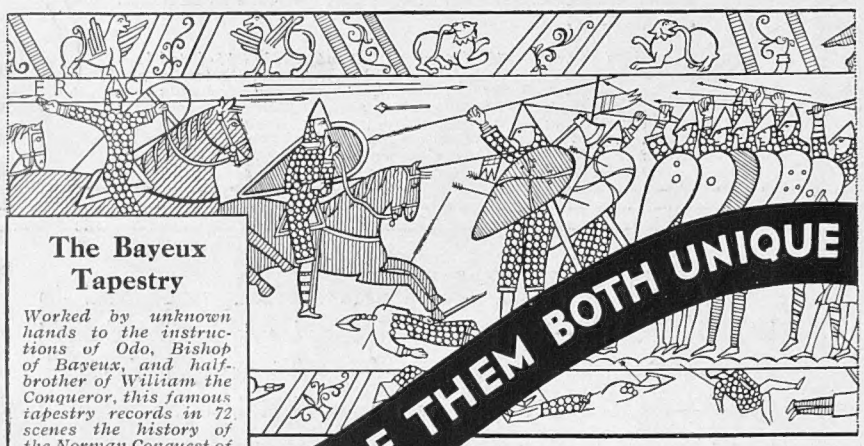
Curiously enough, almost every district in the country has its own special flower—rather like the signature tunes of the dance band. In Lincolnshire it is the tulip; in Cornwall the daffodil; in the Scilly Islands the polyanthus narcissus; in Guernsey it is the iris. These are three weeks late this year—like so many other flowers—and the yellow variety cannot be expected for another few days in appreciable quantities. Before they are put on the boat for the mainland every case of flowers is liable for inspection.

In Lincolnshire which is served by the L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. several thousand acres of the county are planted with bulbs, and in the Spalding district as much as 200 tons of flowers are packed for market in a single day. The total flower crop this season in this area amounts to over 6,000 tons. Not only has production increased but the quality of the bulbs has improved so much that British bulbs have gained a reputation second to none. Conditions in Lincolnshire are particularly favourable. The alluvial soil reclaimed from the Wash is much like that of Holland. Indeed, southern Lincolnshire is actually known as the Holland Division.

Fashions in flowers change considerably. Thirty years ago they had to be white. Now people like them in every variety of colour. One of the greatest blessings for the cut flower industry is, of course, the growing popularity of central heating. Central heating murders flowers and involves their frequent replacement. Actually more flowers are bought by the public in England per head of the population than anywhere else in the world.

A HUMOROUS TRIO: French, Farr, and Childs, the comedians, who provide bright entertainment in Francis Mangan's new *Midnight Vanities* at Grosvenor House

EQUALITY: Mrs. Roy Eccles, who drove at last Saturday's meeting at Brooklands when women for the first time were in competition with men



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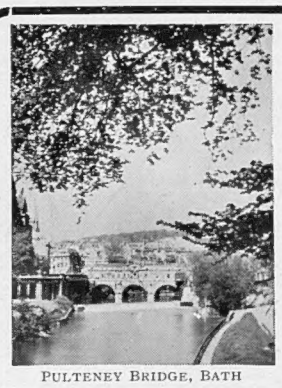

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